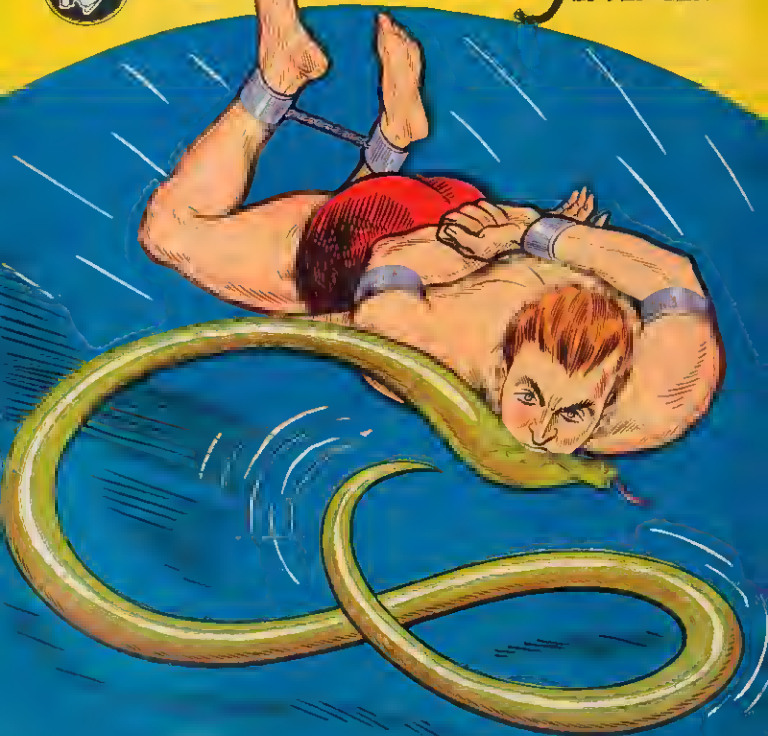


# AMAZING-MAN

## COMICS

10¢

SEPTEMBER







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# IT'S HARD TO BEAT-

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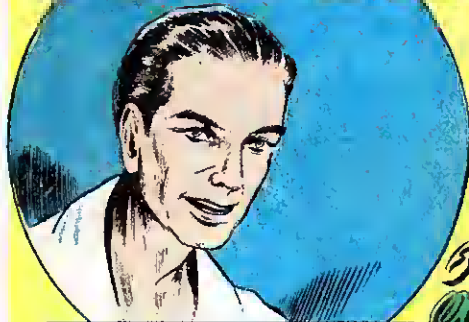
## AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES

IN FULL COLOR!



September 1939—Volume 1, Number 5.—AMAZING MAN COMICS is published monthly by Comic Corporation of America, 29 Wardwick Street, Springfield, Mass. Editorial and Executive Offices: 250 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Application for entry as second class matter at Springfield, Mass., pending. Single copies 10c—annual subscription \$2.00 in U. S. A.; other countries \$2.50. Copyright 1939 by Comic Corporation of America. No actual person is named or designated in this fiction magazine. Contents must not be reproduced without permission. Printed in U. S. A.

# THE AMAZING-MAN



By  
*abeverett*



**AMAN**, KNOWN TO HIS ENEMIES BY MANY ALIASES, THE MOST TERRIFYING OF WHICH IS "THE GREEN MIST".....

25 YEARS AGO, IN THE DISMAL COUNTRY OF TIBET, THE COUNCIL OF SEVEN CHOSE AN ORPHAN OF SUPERB PHYSICAL STRUCTURE, AND EACH DID HIS PART TO DEVELOP IN THIS CHILD ALL THE CHARACTERISTICS OF A MAN WHO WOULD DOMINATE THE WORLD OF MEN BY HIS STRENGTH, KNOWLEDGE, AND COURAGE

MATURE NOW, THE AMAZING MAN, AMAN, SITS CHAINED BEFORE THE COUNCIL, WAITING FOR HIS FINAL TESTS, BEFORE SETTING FORTH INTO THE OUTSIDE WORLD. SIX OF THE COUNCIL HAVE ENDOWED HIM WITH THE BENEFITS OF KINDNESS AND TOLERANCE AND BRAVERY, BUT A SEVENTH, "THE GREAT QUESTION," COVETS PLANS OF DIRE EVIL FOR THE PERFECT BOY....

IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER, A SLEEP-RAY HOLDS THE LAD MOTIONLESS...



GENTLEMEN!

THE TIME HAS AT LAST ARRIVED WHEN WE MUST QUALIFY OUR EFFORTS OF THE PAST QUARTER OF A CENTURY... OUR CHILD PRODIGY SHALL NOW PROVE HIS STATION AS AN AMAZING SPECIMEN OF ULTRA-MANHOOD. PREPARE HIM FOR THE FIRST TEST!





I, THE STRONGEST MAN IN TIBET, HAVE PREPARED THE FIRST EXAMINATION OF YOUR PHYSICAL STRENGTH - YOU ARE REQUIRED TO SUPPRESS THE STRENGTH OF AN ELEPHANT!

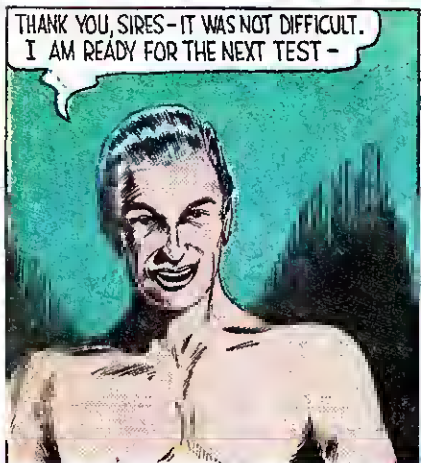


WELL DONE, LAD! HE IS NO MATCH FOR YOU - YOU HAVE BEGUN WELL -



THE FIRST TEST!

THANK YOU, SIRES - IT WAS NOT DIFFICULT. I AM READY FOR THE NEXT TEST -



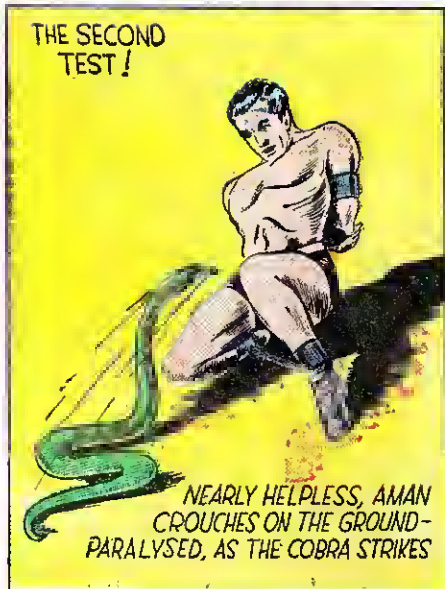
THE NEXT, AMAN, IS NOT SO EASY. YOU ARE TO BE CHAINED, HAND AND FOOT, AND MUST FIGHT A DEATH STRUGGLE WITH THE DEADLIEST OF OUR ENEMIES -



LET ME INTRODUCE YOUR COMBATANT - THE HONORABLE COBRA



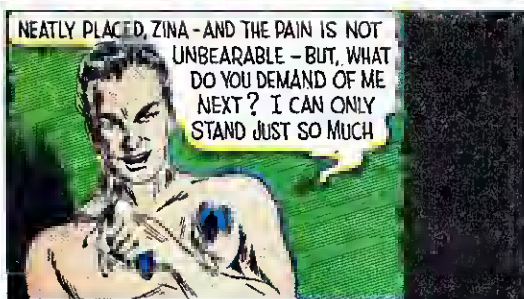
THE SECOND TEST!



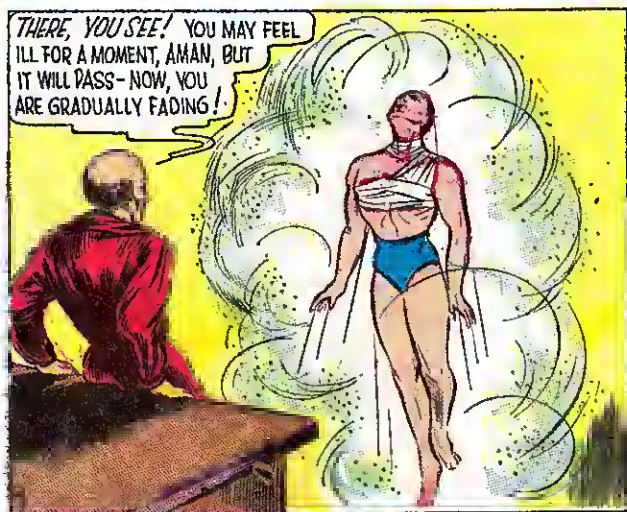
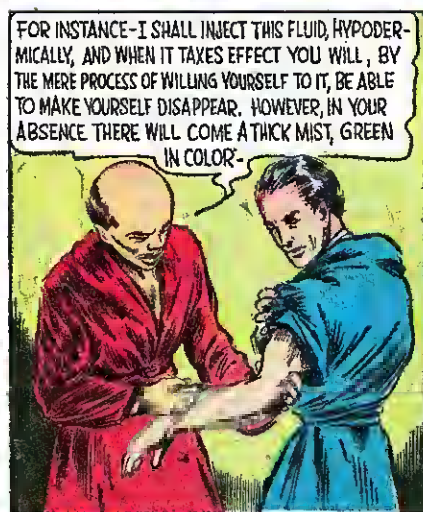
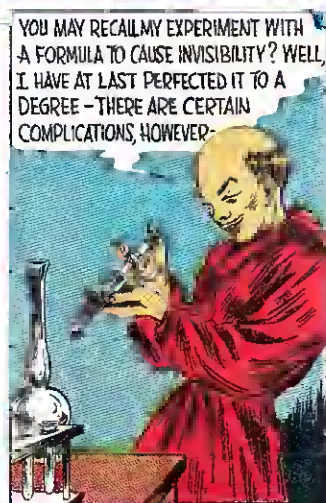
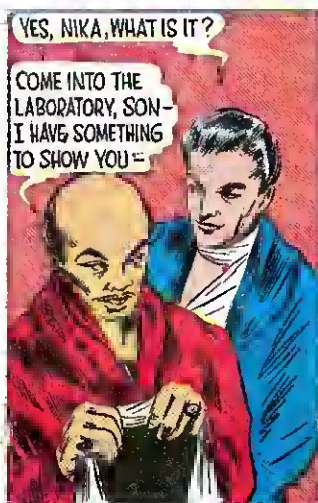
NEARLY HELPLESS, AMAN CROUCHES ON THE GROUND - PARALYSED, AS THE COBRA STRIKES



BUT, WITH THE SPEED AND PRECISION OF A MONGOOSE, AMAN STRIKES AT THE SAME INSTANT!







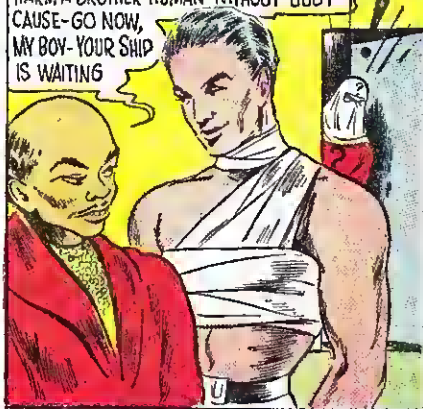
EXCELLENT, AMAN! MY FORMULA IS A SUCCESS - NOW, PLEASE, BRING YOURSELF BACK TO VISIBILITY - JUST IMAGINE YOURSELF IN SOLID FORM, AND YOU WILL BE!



GOOD, MY BOY - I WILL GIVE YOU A VIAL OF THIS FLUID, WHICH YOU MUST TAKE FAITHFULLY ONCE EVERY WEEK - NEVER FORGET - AND THERE IS ONE MORE THING...



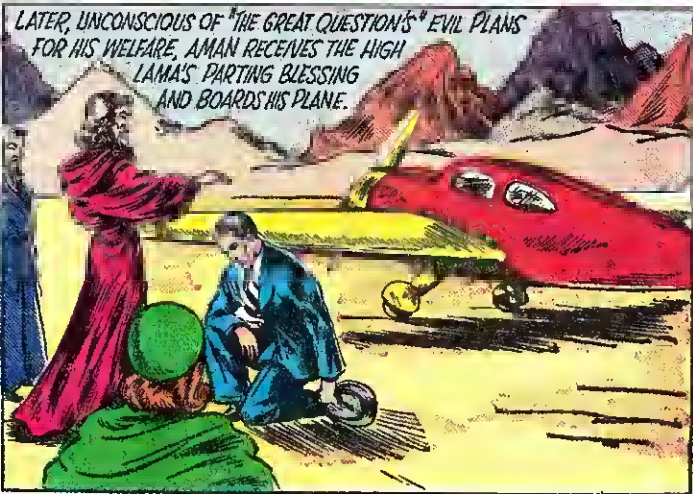
YOU MUST ALWAYS REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE TO ME - TO ALWAYS DO GOOD, AND NEVER MALICIOUSLY HARM A BROTHER HUMAN WITHOUT JUST CAUSE - GO NOW, MY BOY - YOUR SHIP IS WAITING



SO! NIKA HAS MADE HIM PROMISE TO "DO GOOD," AS HE SO QUAINLY PUTS IT! WELL - I SHALL CORRECT THAT. AMAN SHALL DO ALWAYS AS I COMMAND HIM - HE CANNOT ESCAPE MY TELEPATHIC INFLUENCE!!

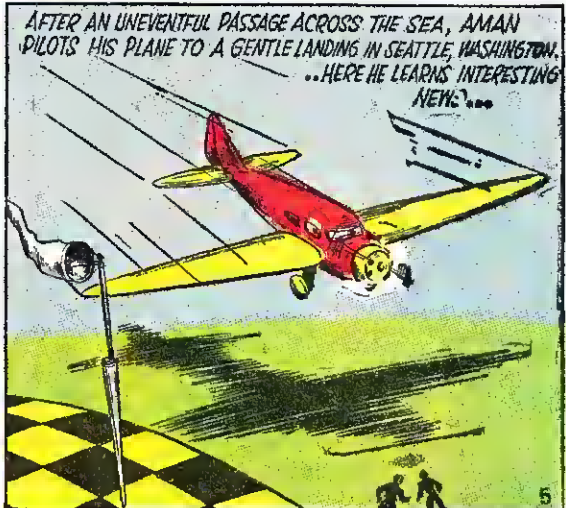


LATER, UNCONSCIOUS OF "THE GREAT QUESTION'S" EVIL PLANS FOR HIS WELFARE, AMAN RECEIVES THE HIGH LAMA'S PARTING BLESSING AND BOARDS HIS PLANE.



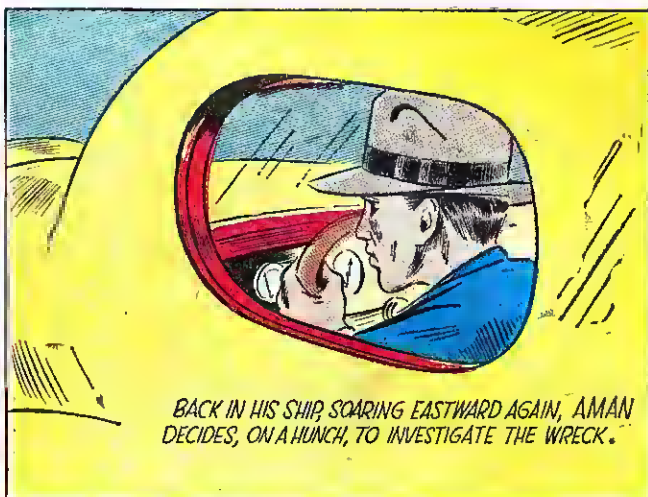
FOR MANY HOURS THE LITTLE SHIP HUMS EASTWARD OVER MANCHUKUO AND OUT OVER THE PACIFIC, STOPPING ONLY TO REFUEL ....

AFTER AN UNEVENTFUL PASSAGE ACROSS THE SEA, AMAN PILOTS HIS PLANE TO A GENTLE LANDING IN SEATTLE, WASHINGTON. ...HERE HE LEARNS INTERESTING NEWS...





"JUST IN FROM CHINA, EH? GUESS YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ABOUT THE WRECK ON THE UNION-PORT WESTERN LINE, THEN? THE CRACK STREAMLINER JUST CRACKED UP NEAR SHERIDAN, WYOMING!"



BACK IN HIS SHIP SOARING EASTWARD AGAIN, AMAN DECIDES, ON A HUNCH, TO INVESTIGATE THE WRECK.

IN A FEW HOURS HE DARTS DOWN OVER THE JUMBLE OF TWISTED STEEL ....

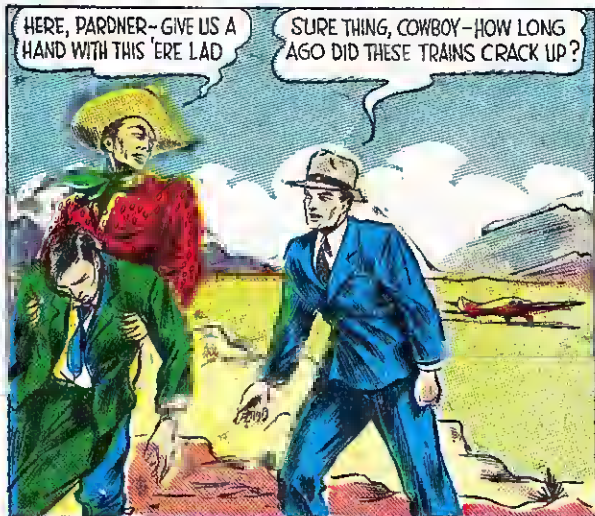


AND SETTLES THE LITTLE PLANE ON AN ADJACENT CLEARING .....

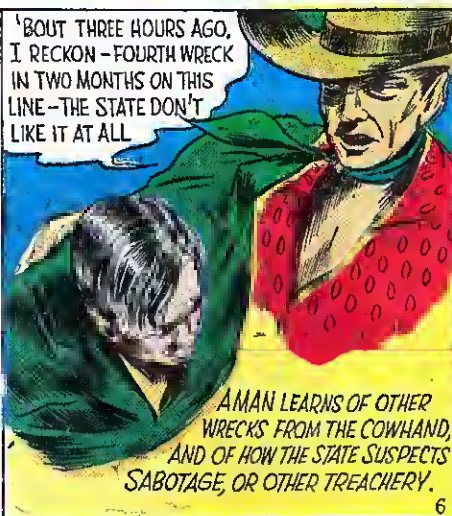


HERE, PARDNER—GIVE US A HAND WITH THIS 'ERE LAD

SURE THING, COWBOY—HOW LONG AGO DID THESE TRAINS CRACK UP?



'BOUT THREE HOURS AGO, I RECKON—FOURTH WRECK IN TWO MONTHS ON THIS LINE—THE STATE DON'T LIKE IT AT ALL



AMAN LEARNS OF OTHER WRECKS FROM THE COWHAND, AND OF HOW THE STATE SUSPECTS SABOTAGE, OR OTHER TREACHERY.





THERE'S SUMP'N LOCO 'BOUT THIS  
HERE BIZNESS - SUMP'N OUGHTA  
BE DONE

RAILROAD DICKS AIN'T  
GETTIN' NOWHERE



WELL, IT'S OBVIOUS THAT THIS SWITCH WAS THROWN OVER INTENTIONALLY--  
IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ACCIDENTAL -- BUT SAY--  
WHAT'S THIS? ANY OF YOU BOYS DROP A  
PENCIL?

NOPE - AIN'T NONE OF  
US OWNS ONE LIKE THET!



A SILVER LEAD-PENCIL WITH THE INITIAL  
'J' ON IT -- NOT MUCH TO GO ON, BUT IT  
MIGHT BE A CLUE

BETTER TURN IT OVER  
TO THE POLICE, MISTER--  
THEY KNOW ALL 'BOUT  
THEM THINGS --



YES, MAYBE I WILL--BUT I'VE GOT TO  
GET TO TOWN AND LODGE THIS SHIP  
SOMEWHERE --

THERE'LL PROBABLY BE  
AN EMPTY HANGAR AT  
THE AIRPORT, MISTER --  
I'LL GO 'LONG WITH YA, SEEIN' AS YOU'RE  
KEEPIN' THET PENCIL!

SAY-WHO IS THIS  
FELLER? A FEDERAL  
COP?

HELLO-MR. CRATER? THIS IS JOHN AMAN, REPORTER ON THE  
"STAR"-COVERING THE WRECK OF YOUR STREAMLINER --  
I HAVE SOME IMPORTANT INFORMATION, AND WOULD LIKE TO  
TALK TO YOU PERSONALLY -- I'M ON MY WAY OVER NOW --



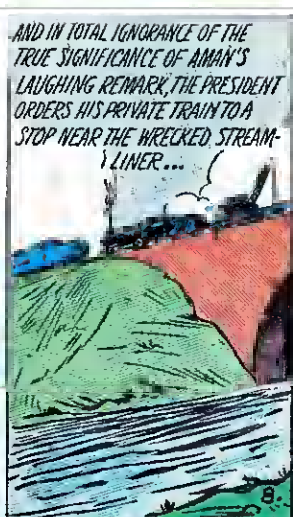
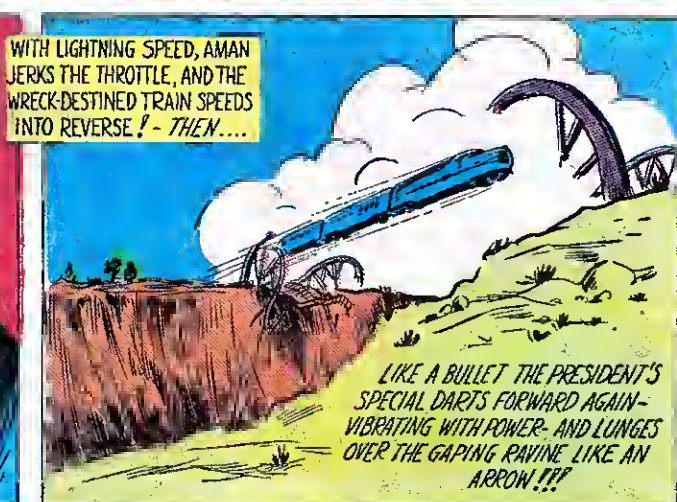
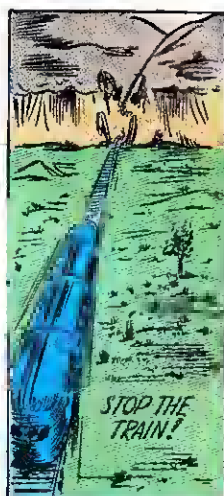
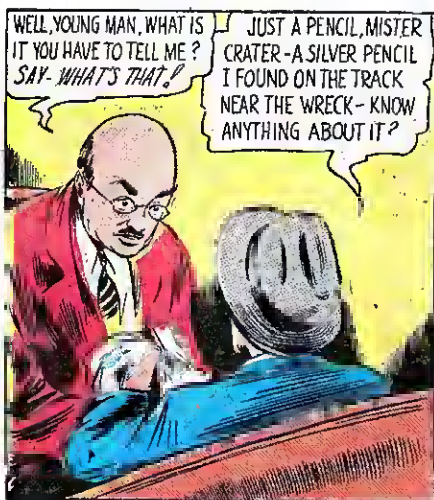
AT THE AIRPORT, USING A FICTITIOUS IDENTITY, AMAN  
TELEPHONES THE PRESIDENT OF THE RAILROAD COMPANY

NO, MISTER AMAN, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT--ALL THESE ACCIDENTS IN ONE  
MONTH - IT'S OUTRAGEOUS? - BUT PERHAPS WE'D BETTER GO OUT TO THE  
SCENE NOW, IN MY PRIVATE TRAIN - YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT  
YOU KNOW ON THE WAY ....

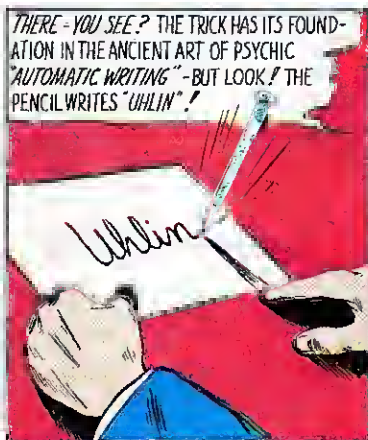
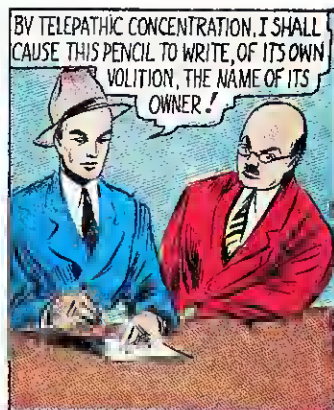
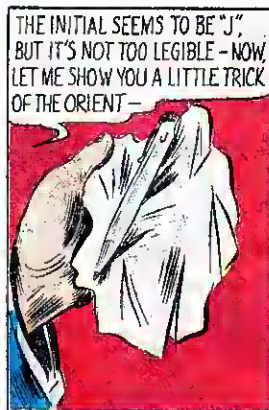


- AND AT HIS OFFICE, HE GETS THE PRESIDENT'S PERSONAL  
COOPERATION --







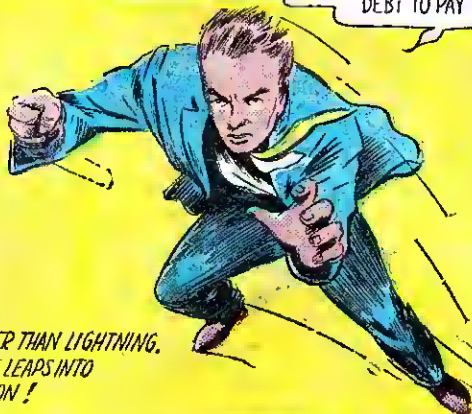




OH, IT WON'T, EH? WELL, MR. AMAN, THE RAILROAD DOESN'T NEED THE LIKES OF YOU BUTTING INTO ITS AFFAIRS! SAY YOUR PRAYERS, MR. AMAN!!!



OH NO- WE'RE NOT SAYING GOODBYE YET! YOU HAVE A DEBT TO PAY FIRST!



FASTER THAN LIGHTNING,  
AMAN LEAPS INTO  
ACTION!

AND WITH A POWERFUL BLOW, SENDS THE CRIMINAL  
PRESIDENT SPRAWLING TO THE FLOOR!



YES, UH-LIN - BEFORE YOU SAY GOODBYE, YOU'LL HAVE  
TO EXPLAIN TO A JURY JUST WHY YOU WRECKED  
YOUR OWN TRAINS! WHAT DID YOU DO WITH  
THE INSURANCE MONEY?



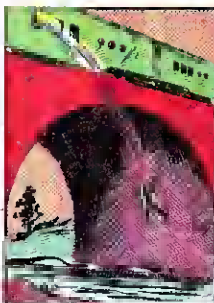
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW,  
SHERLOCK!

PARDON ME WHILE I FADE  
OUT, UH-LIN! TELL THESE  
LADS ABOUT IT!

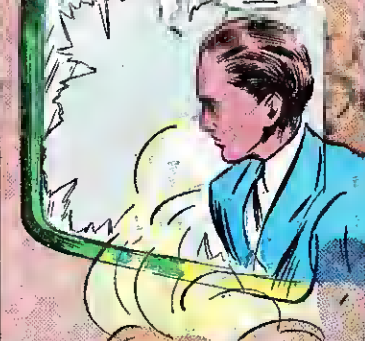
ALL RIGHT, CRATER - WE HEARD  
YOU! WILL YOU COME  
PEACEFULLY?



NEVER!



TOO BAD, OLD BOY - WELL, THAT FINISHES  
THAT!



AND SO - AMAN HAS STARTED HIS WORLD-  
WIDE CRUSADE AGAINST CRIME - BUT  
WHAT OF THE "GREAT QUESTION"? WILL  
HIS INFLUENCE DOMINATE AMAN IN THE  
NEXT ADVENTURE? WATCH FOR IT IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE OF "AMAZING MAN COMICS"!



# The CAT MAN

BY TONY HILL

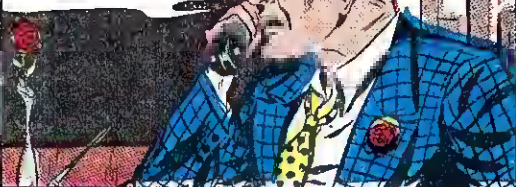


WELL, YUH SEE, OLD MAN, I-ER-HAVE AN IMPORTANT MEETING AT THE-- HUH?? OH-ER-O.K. YEH! I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH THE OTHERS!



IN THE SUMPTUOUS OFFICE OF STEVE HARRIGAN, BOSS POLITICIAN--

WHA--WHO? BARTON STONE? WELL--THIS IS A SURPRISE! WHERE HAVE-ER-WHEN DID YOU GET OUT?



AND IN THE WALL STREET OFFICE OF ROGER WATSON HAMMOND, STOCK BROKER--

OH, HELLO, STEVE, WHAT ?? I THOUGHT HE DIED IN --EH? CRISES! TONIGHT AT TEN O'CLOCK? RIGHTO--SEE YOU THERE!

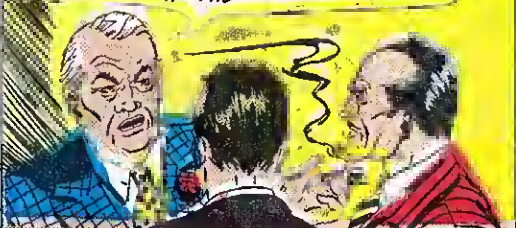


AND IN THE HANDSOME REAL ESTATE OFFICES OF LIONEL BLACH--

YES, STEVE-- GOOD GOD!! YOU MEAN HE -- OH, TONIGHT AT TEN O'CLOCK? H-MM, MAYBE. WE CAN DISPOSE OF HIM SOME WAY, EH? YES, I'LL BE THERE!!



NOW LOOK, WE GOT NOTHIN' TO BE SCARED ABOUT. WE'LL GIVE HIM HIS SHARE OF THE DOUGH AND MEBBE A LITTLE EXTRA. WHY, IT AINT OUR FAULT IF HIS --



-- THAT EVENING WHEN THEY MET--

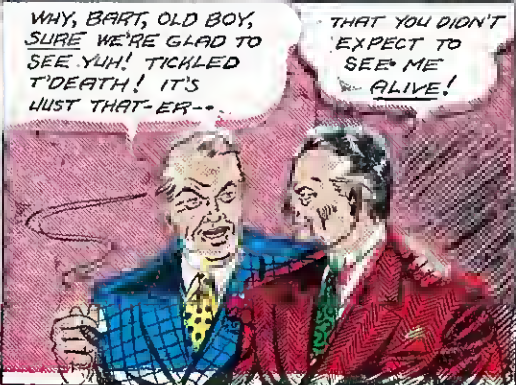
GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN! WELL-- YOU DON'T SEEM VERY ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT SEEING ME AFTER ALL THESE TWENTY LONG YEARS!!



---A "STRANGER" CALLED---

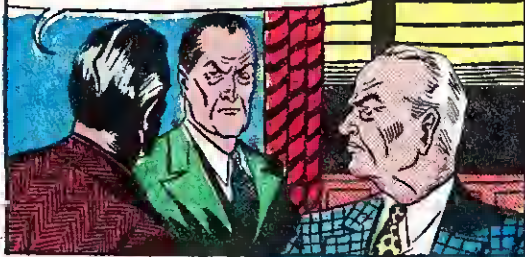
WHY, BART, OLD BOY, SURE WE'RE GLAD TO SEE YUH! TICKLED T'DEATH! IT'S MUST THAT-ER--

THAT YOU DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE ME ALIVE!





WELL--A LOT OF WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE SINCE YOU WERE CALLED 'CHUCK' HARRIGAN--AND OUR OLD FRIEND, 'BLACKIE', BIG REAL ESTATE MAN NOW, EH?



HERE, LEMME GIVE YUH A SWIG A THIS, BART--SAY HOW'S ABOUT A LITTLE CELEBRATION, WADDAYA SAY, FELLERS?

SORT OF A COMING-OUT PARTY, EH?



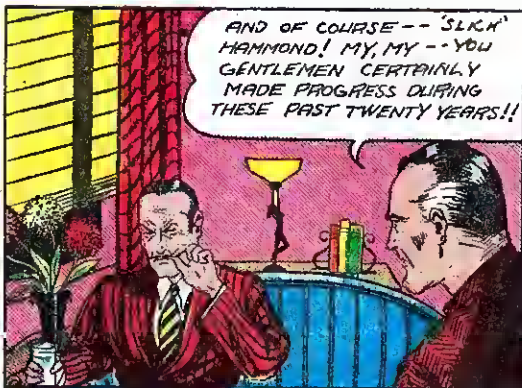
I'M NOT WORRIED ABOUT THE MONEY! WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS--WHAT HAPPENED TO MY WIFE?



PUT UP THE HARDWARE, 'SLICK', DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! I HAVE A LITTLE GADGET IN MY POCKET THAT WILL BLOW EVERY BLASTED ONE OF YOU TO ETERNITY!

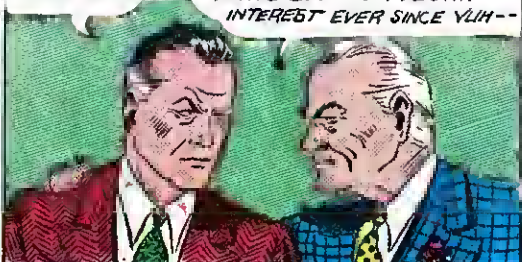


AND OF COURSE--'SLICK' HAMMOND! MY, MY--YOU GENTLEMEN CERTAINLY MADE PROGRESS DURING THESE PAST TWENTY YEARS!!



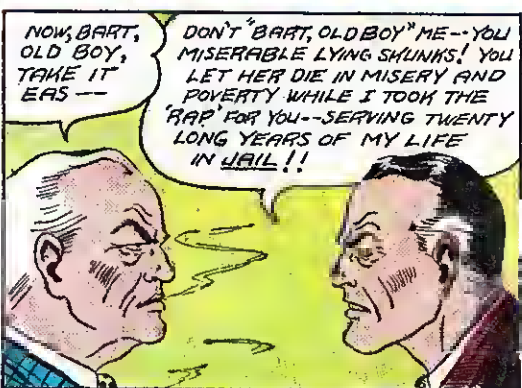
BUT I'M NOT INTERESTED IN CELEBRATIONS, I'M INTERESTED IN--

YEH! YEH! YUH GOT NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT, BART! WE KEPT YOUR DOUGH FOR YUH! A NICE LITTLE NEST EGG THAT'S BEEN COLLECTIN' INTEREST EVER SINCE YUH--

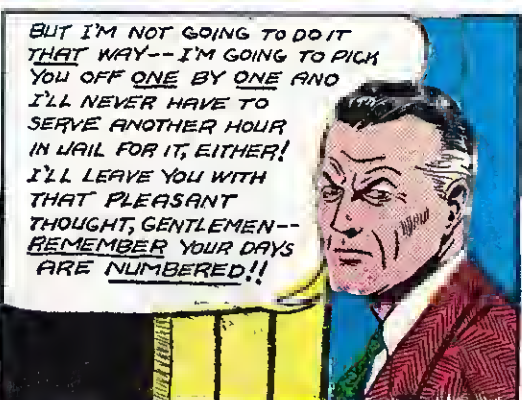


NOW, BART, OLD BOY, TAKE IT EAS--

DON'T 'BART, OLDBOY' ME--YOU MISERABLE LYING SHUNKS! YOU LET HER DIE IN MISERY AND POVERTY WHILE I TOOK THE 'RAP FOR YOU--SERVING TWENTY LONG YEARS OF MY LIFE IN JAIL!!



BUT I'M NOT GOING TO DO IT THAT WAY--I'M GOING TO PICK YOU OFF ONE BY ONE AND I'LL NEVER HAVE TO SERVE ANOTHER HOUR IN JAIL FOR IT, EITHER! I'LL LEAVE YOU WITH THAT PLEASANT THOUGHT, GENTLEMEN--REMEMBER YOUR DAYS ARE NUMBERED!!





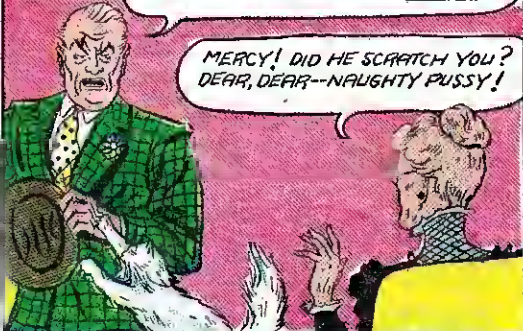
ONE YEAR LATER...IN AN ARISTOCRATIC OLD BROWN STONE HOUSE, AN ELDERLY LADY RECEIVES A VISITOR...

DEAR, DEAR, IT'S PERFECTLY LOVELY OF YOU TO VISIT ME PERSONALLY, MR. HARRIGAN! AS I WROTE YOU, I'M THINKING OF HAVING MY LAWYER DRAW UP A WILL LEAVING MY ESTATE TO YOUR CHARITY ORGANIZATION!



WELL, I'LL BE SEEIN' YUH, MA'AM, AN IF YUH NEED A LAWYER--OWWW, LEGGO!

MERCY! DID HE SCRATCH YOU? DEAR, DEAR--NAUGHTY PUSSY!



YOU SEE, I'M GETTING ON IN YEARS AND --

NOW, NOW, MA'AM, LET'S HOPE YUH LIVE T'BE A HUNDRED-- BUT-- LIKE I SAY, YUH COULDN'T LEAVE YER DOUGH TO A BETTER CAUSE!



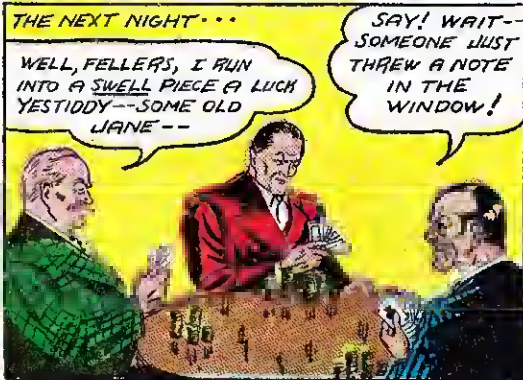
H-MM! I'D BETTER WASH YOUR CLAWS! TEE-HEE! NAUGHTY PUSSY!!



THE NEXT NIGHT...

WELL, FELLERS, I RUN INTO A SWELL PIECE A LUCK YESTIDDY--SOME OLD JANE--

SAY! WAIT-- SOMEONE JUST THREW A NOTE IN THE WINDOW!

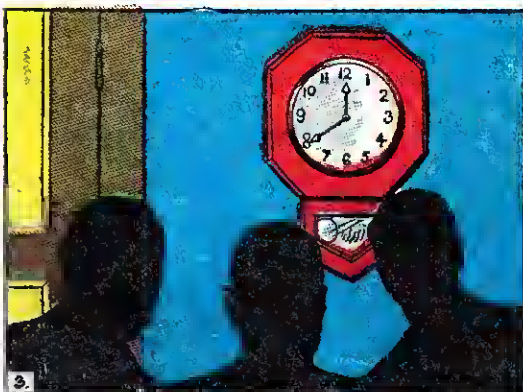


CHUCK HARRIGAN,  
YOU WILL BE DEAD  
AT TWELVE O'CLOCK  
MIDNIGHT!

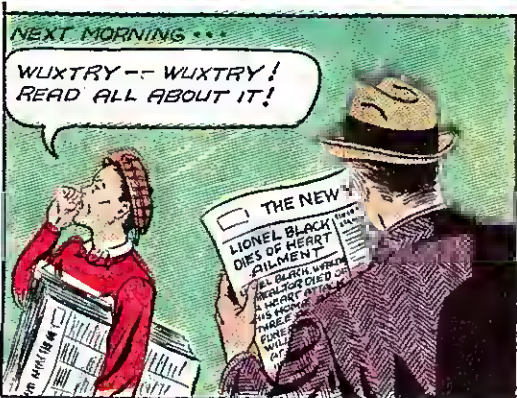
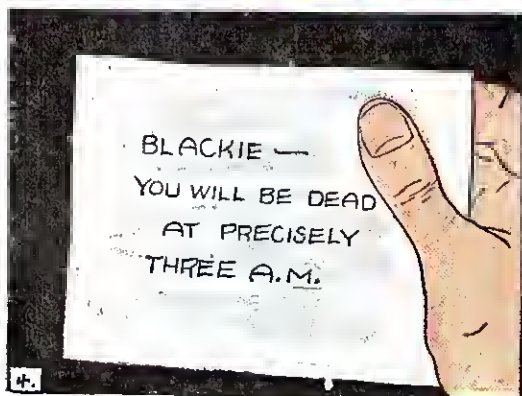
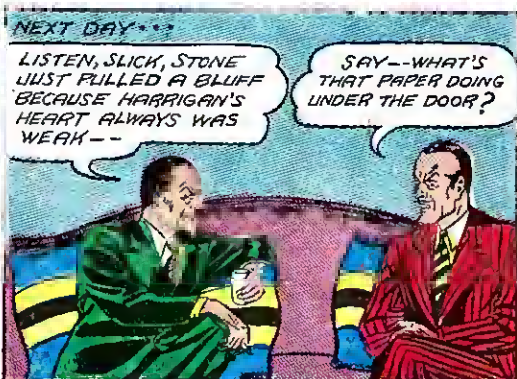
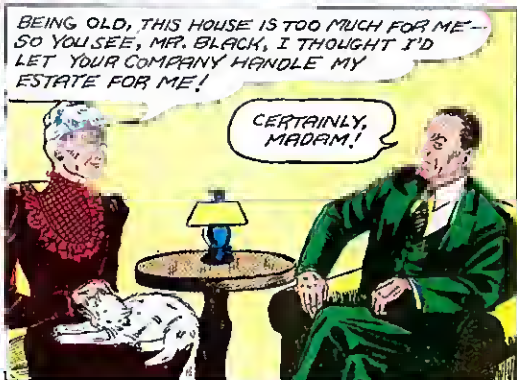
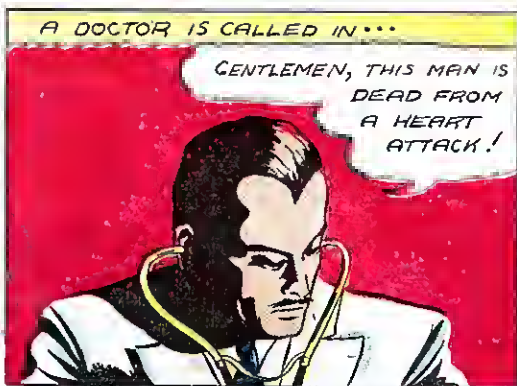


YUH GONNA STICK BY ME NOW, FELLERS? YUH AINT GONNA RUN OUT ON ME NOW, FELLERS, ARE YUH?

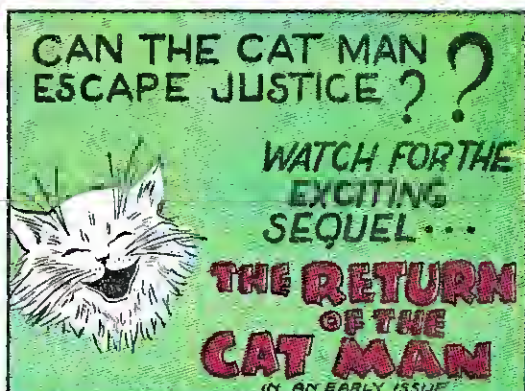
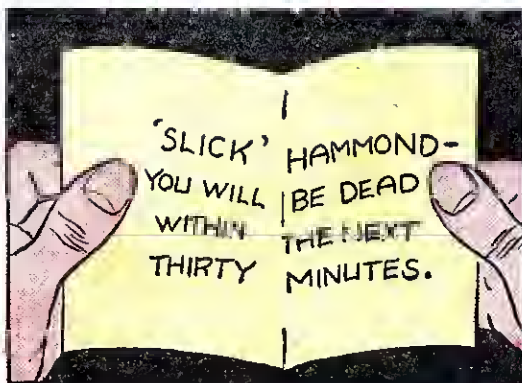
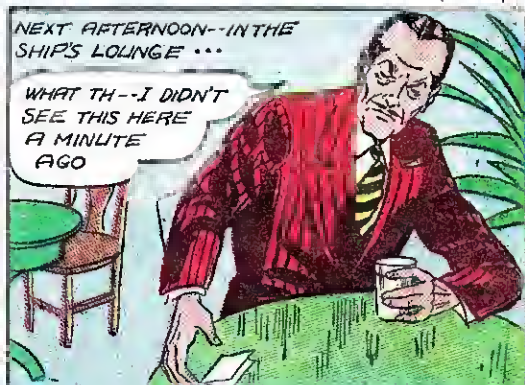
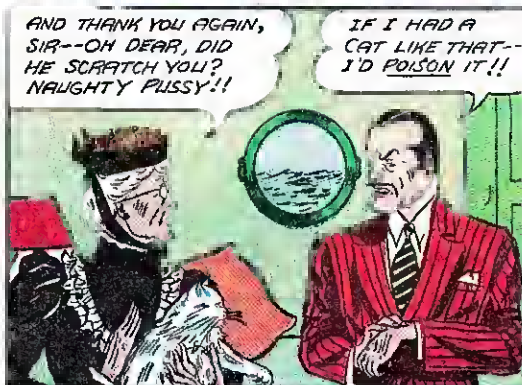
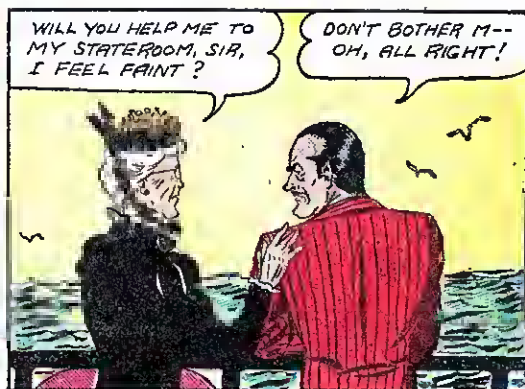
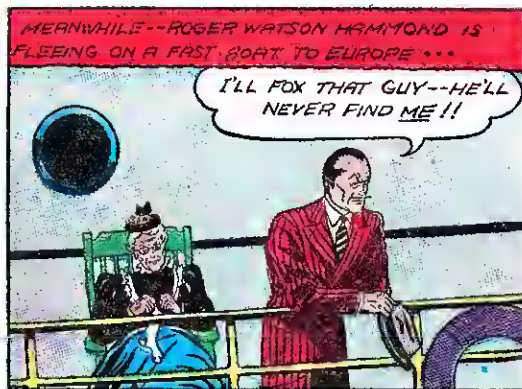
SURE, CHUCK, WE'LL STICK AROUND! AND WE'LL BE READY, TOO









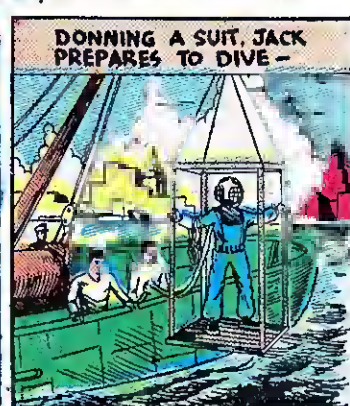
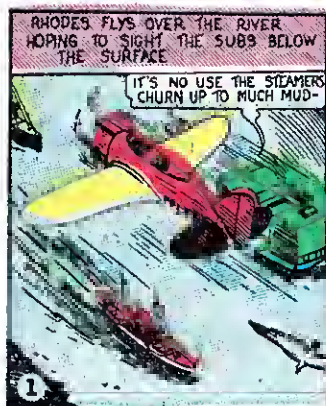
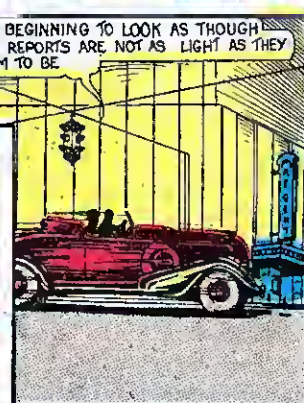
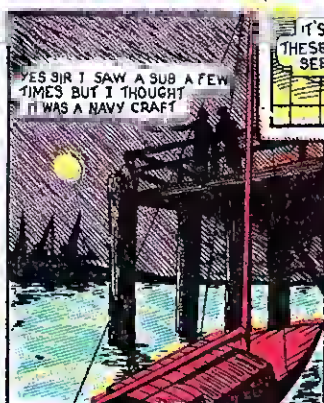
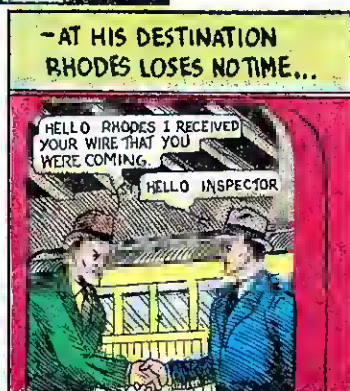




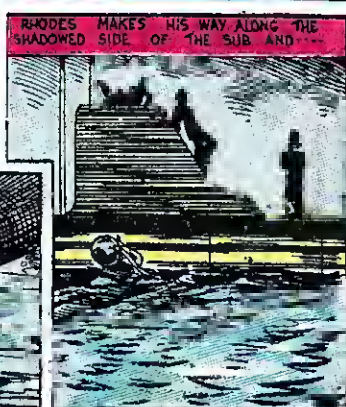
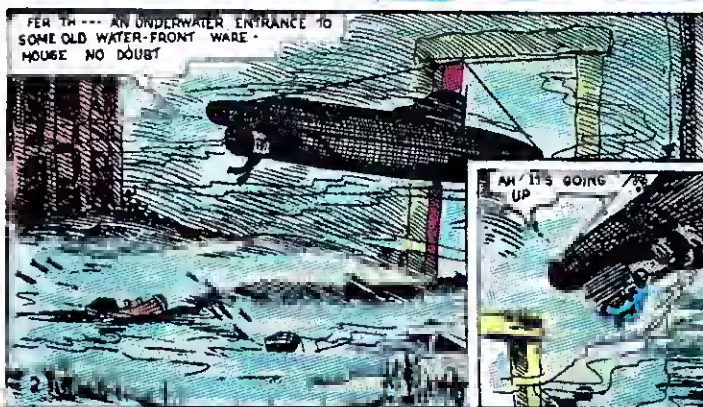
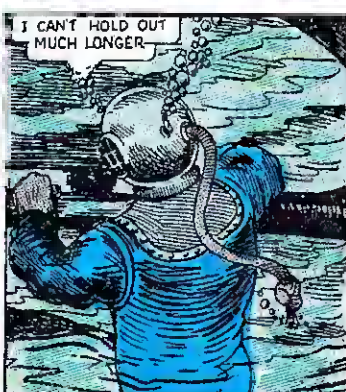
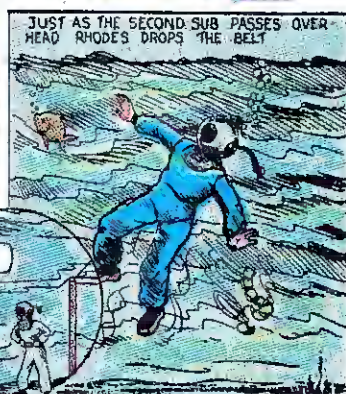
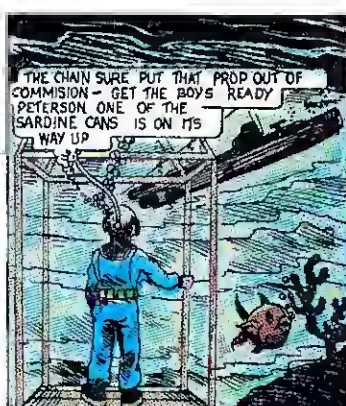
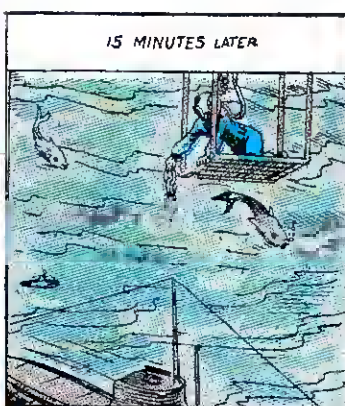
a  
**COMPLETE**  
STORY



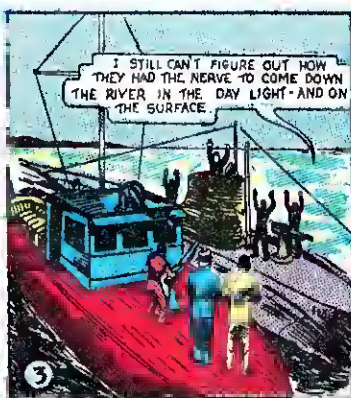
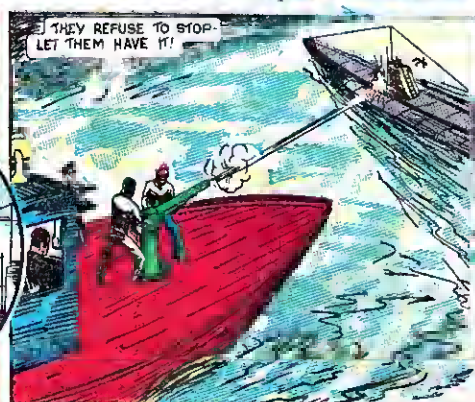
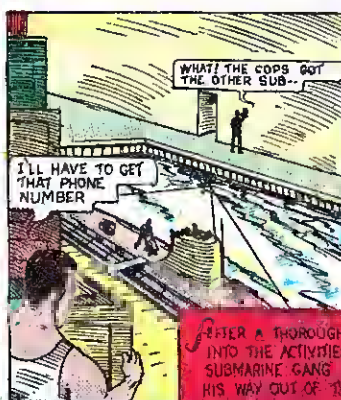
Featuring  
**Jack Rhodes**  
by  
**RILEY**









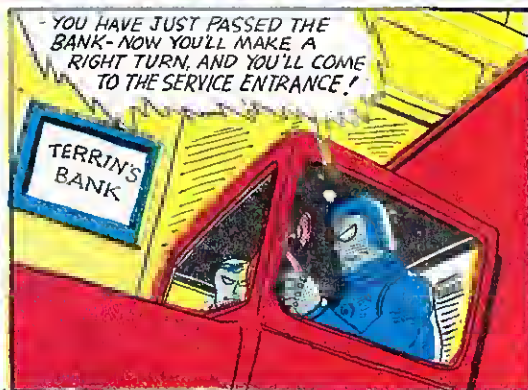
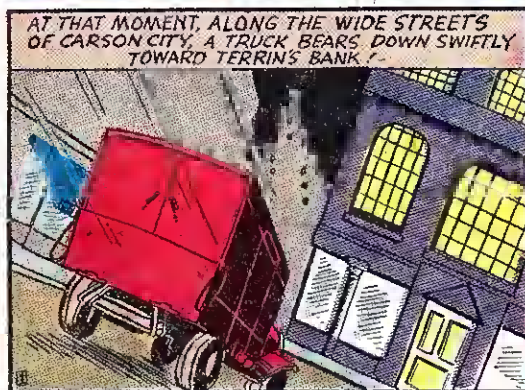
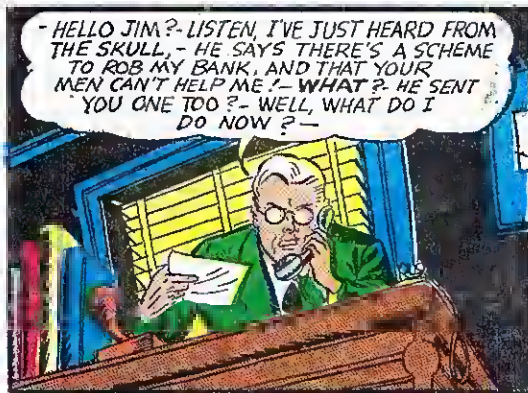
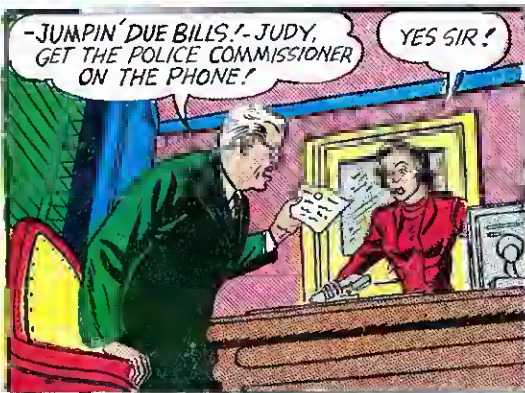
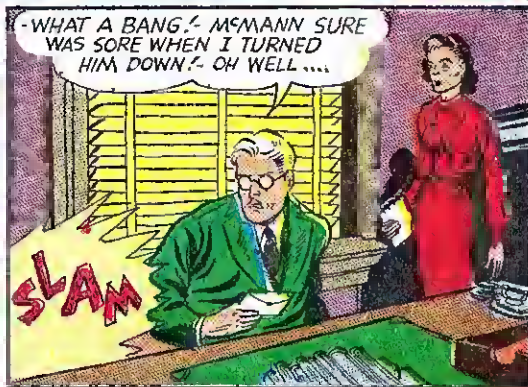
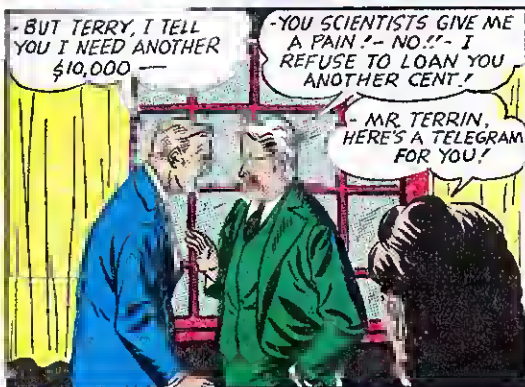






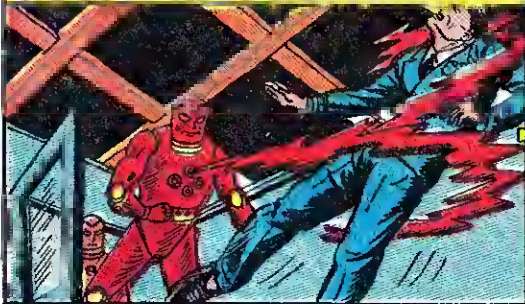
# THE IRON SKULL

by CARL BURGOS



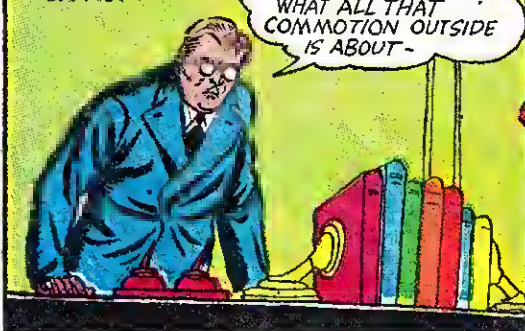


AS THE GUARD AT THE SERVICE ENTRANCE  
TURNS, ONE OF THE FIGURES LETS LOOSE  
A SPURT OF HIGH VOLTAGE ELECTRICITY.

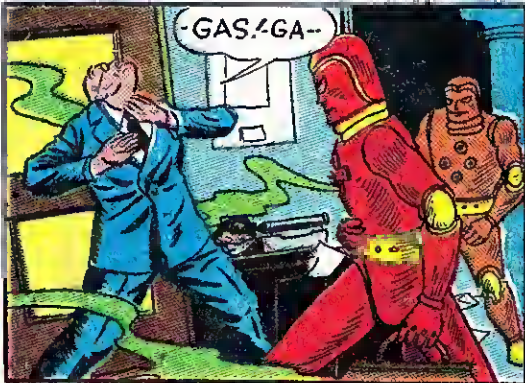


INSIDE TERRIN'S  
OFFICE.

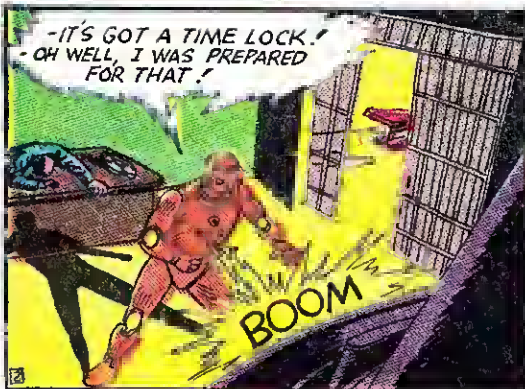
H-M-M-M... I WONDER  
WHAT ALL THAT  
COMMOTION OUTSIDE  
IS ABOUT-



-GAS! GA--



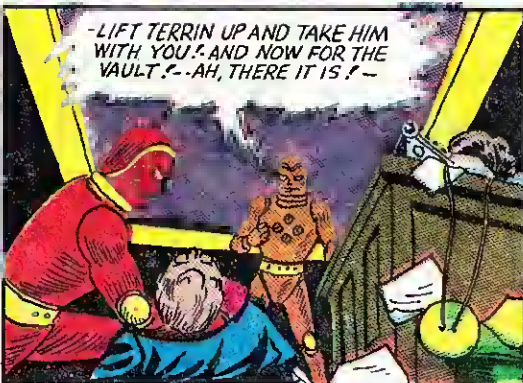
-IT'S GOT A TIME LOCK!  
-OH WELL, I WAS PREPARED  
FOR THAT!



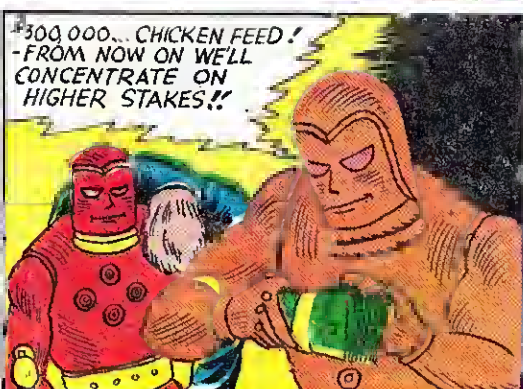
THEN MOVING WITH EASE THE TWO ROBOTS ENTER  
THE BANK PROPER, AND INSTANTLY SQUIRT  
A GREEN GAS THAT IMMEDIATELY BECKONS  
THE INNOCENT BYSTANDERS TO A MOST  
HORRIBLE END!



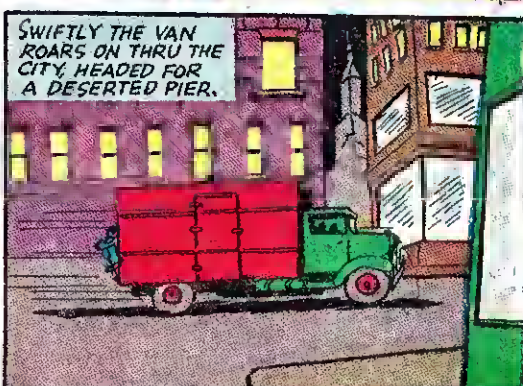
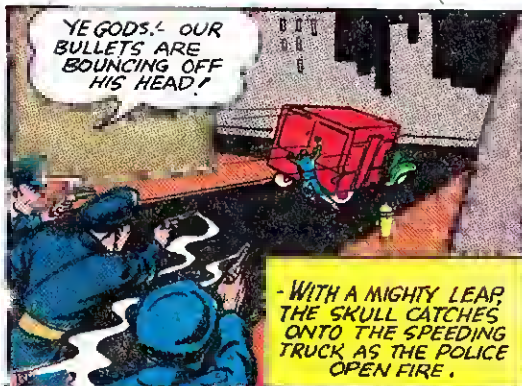
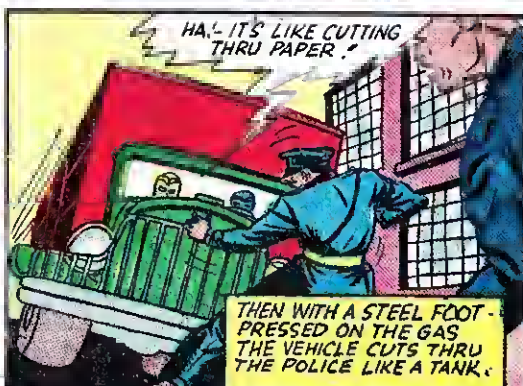
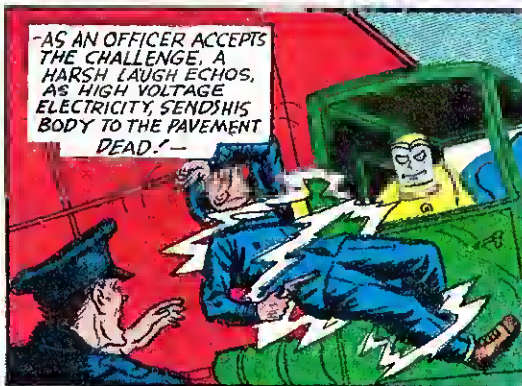
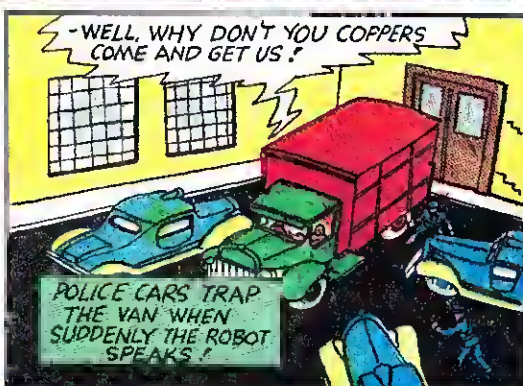
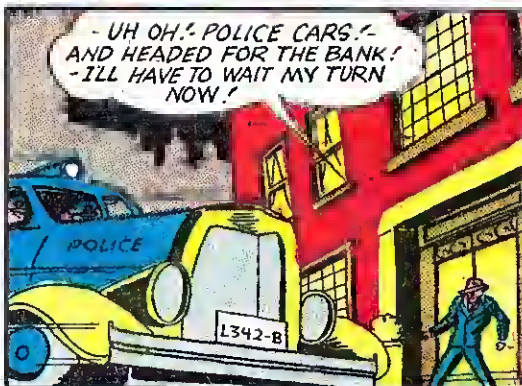
-LIFT TERRIN UP AND TAKE HIM  
WITH YOU!- AND NOW FOR THE  
VAULT!- AH, THERE IT IS!-



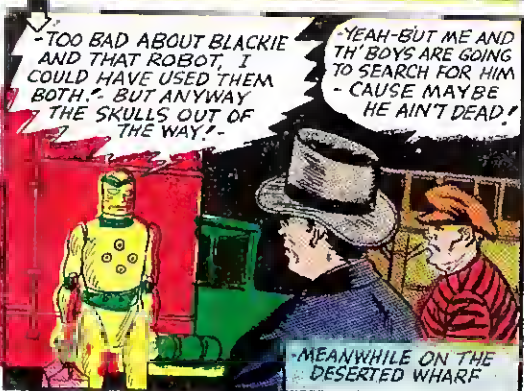
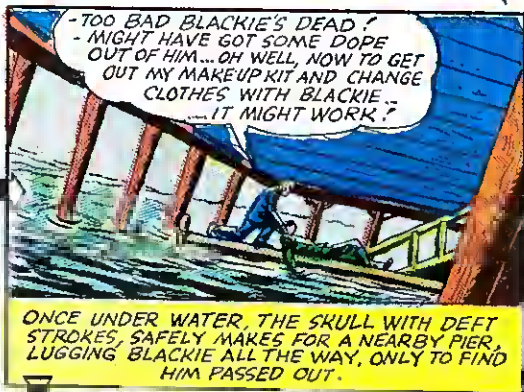
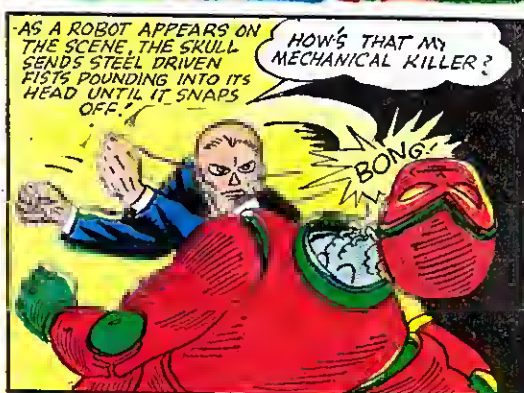
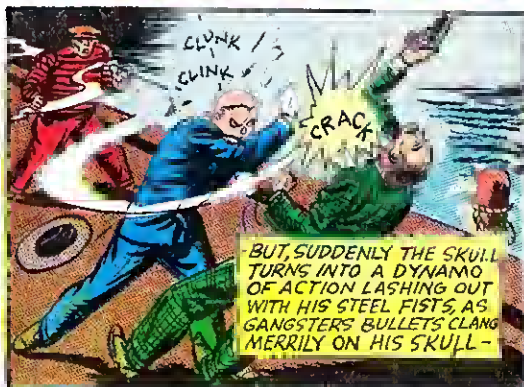
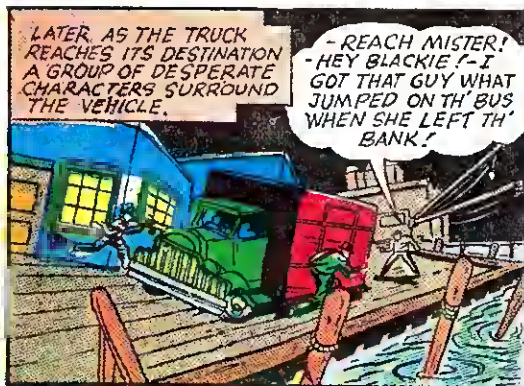
-\$300,000... CHICKEN FEED!  
-FROM NOW ON WELL  
CONCENTRATE ON  
HIGHER STAKES!!



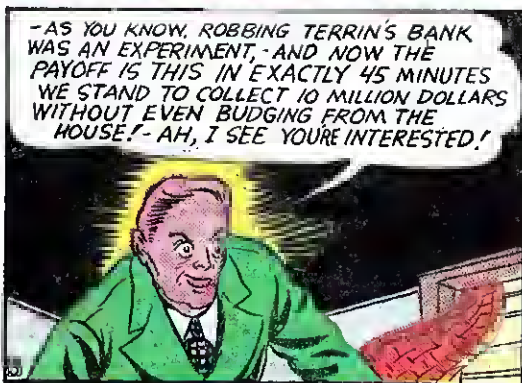
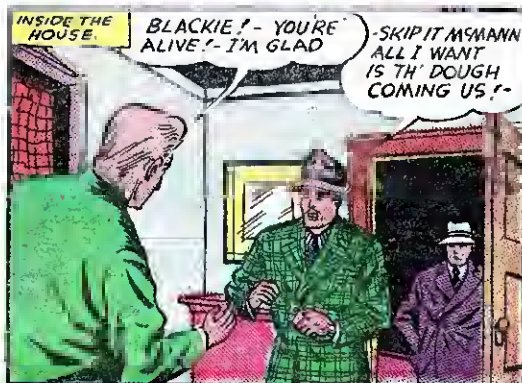
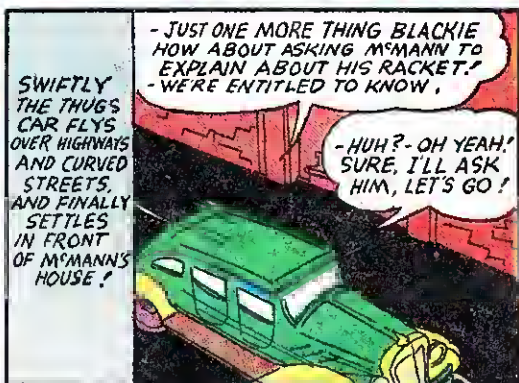
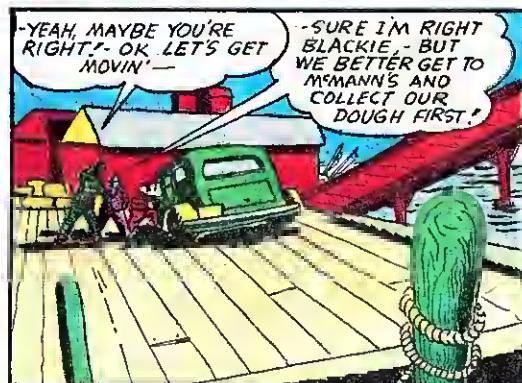
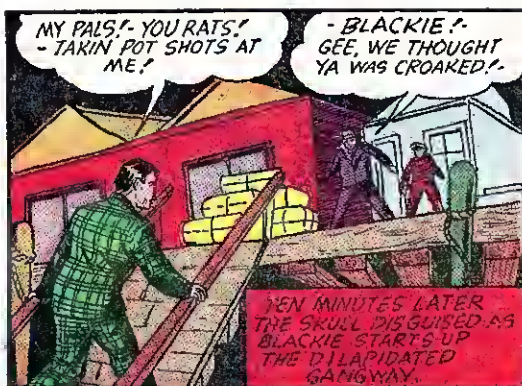












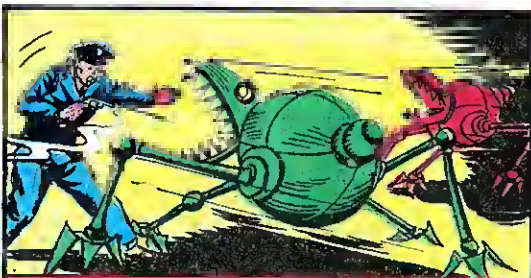


McMANN LEADS BLACKIE THRU A SERIES OF DOORS, DOWN STEPS AND FINALLY INTO A HUGE SCIENTIFICALLY EQUIPPED ROOM WHERE MACHINERY BURSTS INTO ACTION!

-YOU SEE BLACKIE, THOSE MECH. SPIDERS YOUR MEN SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE CITY'S SEWER SYSTEM, ARE NOW COMING TO LIFE! -WATCH THE TELEVISION SCREEN, WHILE I CONTROL THEM!



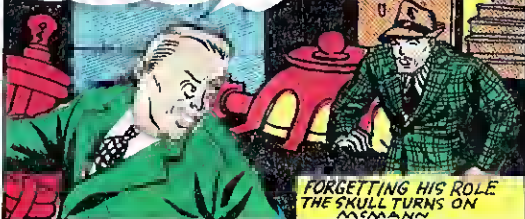
YEOW! -THOSE THINGS ARE EATING PEOPLE!  
-AS THE SKULL, DISGUISED AS BLACKIE, PEERS INTO THE SCREEN, A HORRIBLE SIGHT GREET'S HIS EYES AS HE NOTES HUGE SPIDER MECHS. POURING FROM THE CITY'S SEWERS -



AN OFFICER ATTRACTED BY THE MONSTERS EMPTIES HIS SERVICE GUN AT THEM, ONLY TO BE DEVoured IN A SHORT WHILE! - THEN McMANN EXPLAINS THAT THROUGH THESE SPIDER THE CITY SHALL PAY FULL WELL, TO STOP THE WAVE OF TERROR -

-I FIGURE IT'S WORTH 10 MILLION TO THE CITY TO CALL OFF THE SPIDERS - PRETTY NEAT, EH? - I EXPECT THE MAYOR, TO SHOW UP WITH THE CASH ANY MINUTE! -

- YOU BUTCHERING DOG!



FORGETTING HIS ROLE THE SKULL TURNS ON McMANN!

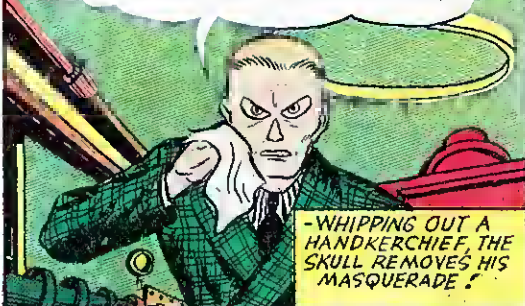
-YOU YELLOW RAT, THERE! - OUCH!

- FOOL! -



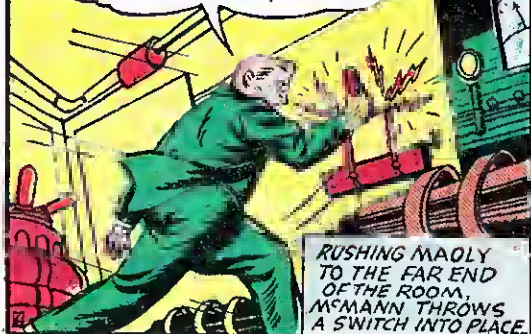
BUT THE LATTER THINKING THAT BLACKIE HAS BLOWN HIS TOPPER, LASHES OUT WITH HIS FIST, IN AN INSTANT SILENCE FALLS!

-YOU BUSTED YOUR HAND ON MY JAW! - BUT THAT'S NOTHING TO WHAT YOUR OUTFIT WILL BE WHEN I'M THRU!!



-WHIPPING OUT A HANDKERCHIEF, THE SKULL REMOVES HIS MASQUERADE!

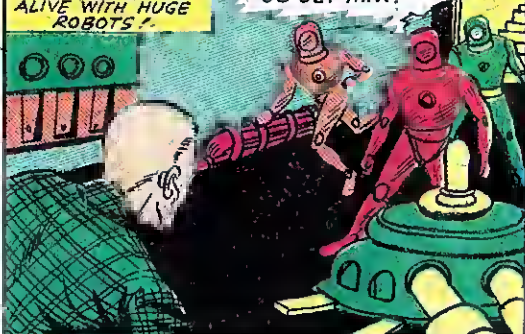
- THAT IS, IF YOU'RE NOT PUT AWAY FIRST, SKULL!



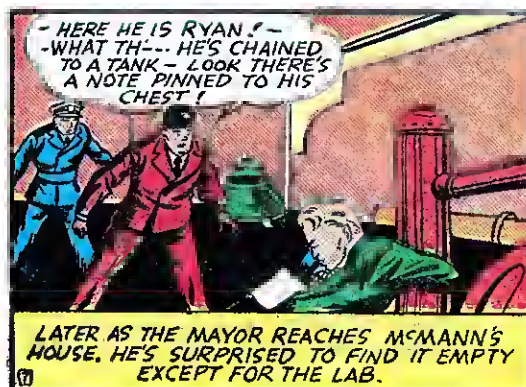
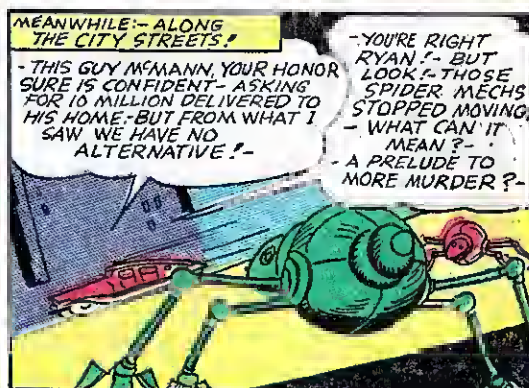
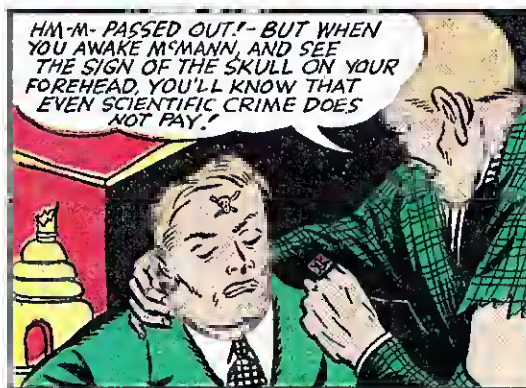
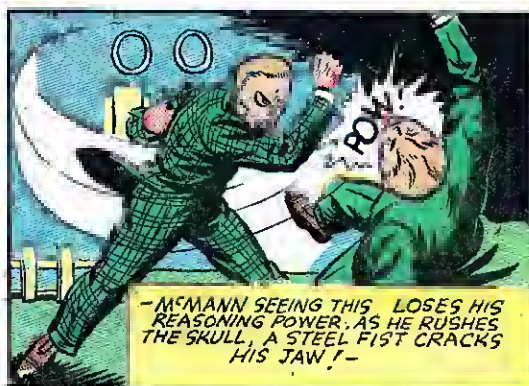
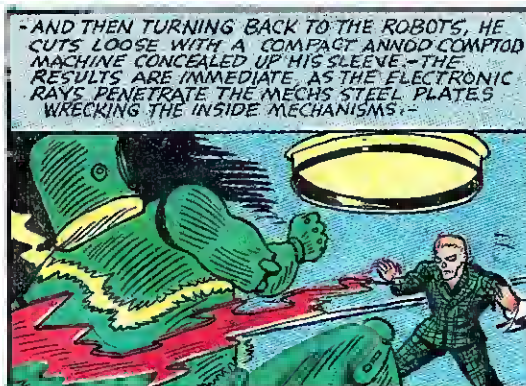
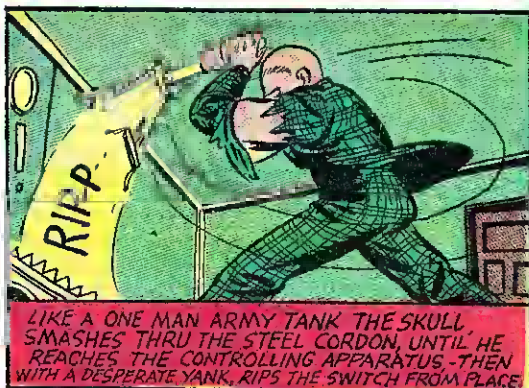
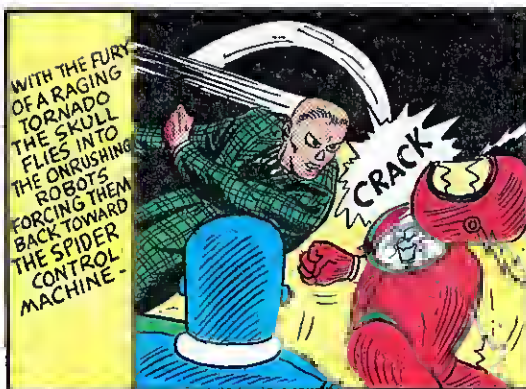
RUSHING MADLY TO THE FAR END OF THE ROOM, McMANN THROWS A SWITCH INTO PLACE.

INSTANTLY THE ROOM BECOMES ALIVE WITH HUGE ROBOTS!

- THAT'S HIM! - GO GET HIM!







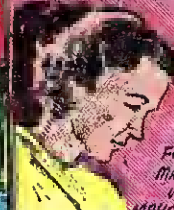


# STRANGER THAN FICTION

IT HAS BEEN ESTIMATED THAT MORE THAN ONE-THIRD OF THE PEOPLE IN RUSSIA STILL DO NOT KNOW THAT CZARIST RULE HAS ENDED...



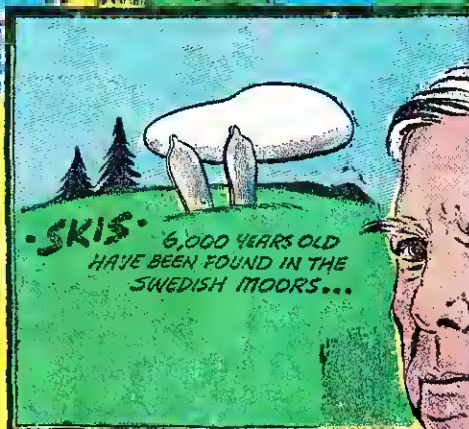
ALL LIONS BECOME PANIC-STRICKEN, RUN AWAY, WHEN THEY SEE SPIDERS.



THE LADY WHO HAS PLAYED CROQUET EVERY DAY FOR 32 YEARS-- MRS. JAMES GREER, WIFE OF THE MAYOR OF GREENPORT, MISSISSIPPI...

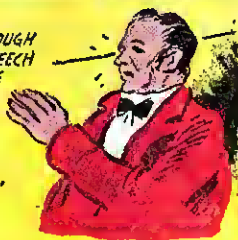


HENRY LEWIS OF SAYVILLE, NEW YORK, A PROFESSIONAL FLOWER-GROWER, GREW A ROSE-PLANT IN HIS HAIR--1924.



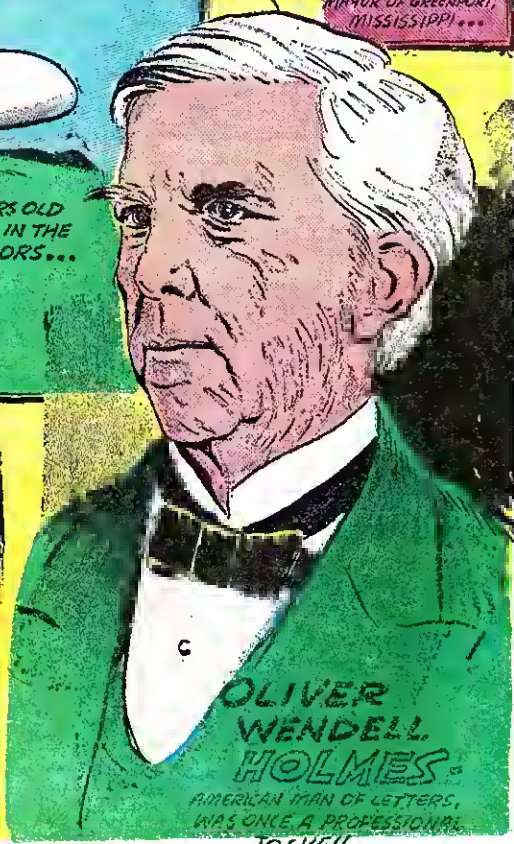
SKIS-- 6,000 YEARS OLD HAVE BEEN FOUND IN THE SWEDISH MOORS...

THE MAN WHO WAS SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD WHILE MAKING A SPEECH (THE BULLET ENTERED JUST ABOVE HIS RIGHT EYE, CAME OUT BACK OF HIS LEFT EAR) AND WENT ON SPEAKING, NEVER SUFFERED ANY PAIN OR ILL EFFECTS... JOSEPH FRANKLIN, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, 1862.



THE TIGER WHICH IS KNOWN TO HAVE KILLED 122 PERSONS-- BORMANI, INDIA, 1891-96.

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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES-- AMERICAN MAN OF LETTERS, WAS ONCE A PROFESSIONAL JOCKEY...

The tiger was in the habit of raiding small villages, killing and carrying off women and children. Curiously, it killed only one man.

Lewis oiled his hair with dirt, planted seed, raised roses within four months by forcing. He still has three of the roses pressed in a book.



# STRANGER THAN FICTION

THE CAT WHICH SUCKLED SIX RATS--ON HENRY MORTONSON'S FARM IN SALT VALLEY, IDAHO.

!!



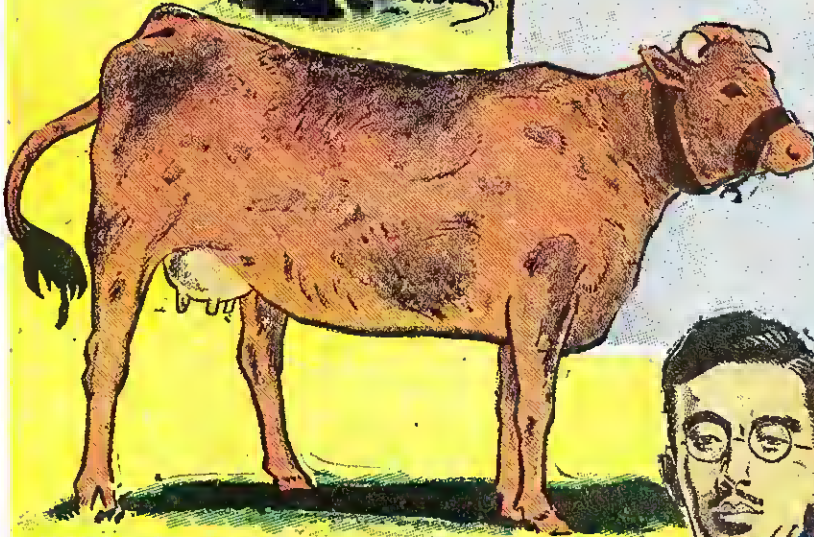
THE MINISTER WHO RETIRED AT THE AGE OF 73 TO BECOME A VETERINARIAN--THE REV. MARTIN BLUE, HINDERHOOK, NEW YORK, 1906...



**BLUENOSE** IS THE ONLY TOWN IN KANSAS WHICH VOTED AGAINST PROHIBITION IN THE 1914 STATE REFERENDUM!



HENRY RAVIGOTTI REMARRIED HIS "WIDOW" 22 YEARS AFTER HIS OWN "DEATH." ROME, ITALY, 1920...



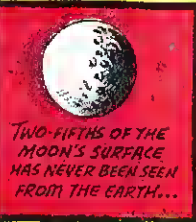
GEORGE DUDLEY OF OTTAWA, SERVED IN FRANCE WITH THE CANADIAN ARMY FOR SEVEN MONTHS BEFORE

AUTHORITIES DISCOVERED THAT HE WAS ONLY 13 YEARS OLD--AND SENT HIM HOME. (1915-16)

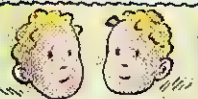
THERE ARE STILL 2,400 COWS WITHIN THE LIMITS OF NEW YORK CITY.



THE SERMON THAT LASTED 12 HOURS AND 10 MINUTES--AT WASHINGTON, D.C., JUNE 4, 1931--PREACHED BY THE REV. G.2. BROWN OF MOUNT ZION BAPTIST CHURCH... HE SAID 88,194 WORDS, ESTABLISHING A WORLD RECORD. (THANKS--DONALD COATES)



TWO-FIFTHS OF THE MOON'S SURFACE HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN FROM THE EARTH...



MRS. CLARISSA BONTILLA OF NAPLES, ITALY, HAD THREE SETS OF TWINS IN 25 MONTHS--1931-33.

NO HUMAN HAND MAY TOUCH THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN... WHICH MAKES IT HARD FOR DENTISTS, DOCTORS AND BARBERS. TAILORS MUST MEASURE SUITS BY GUESSING!



Young Dudley saw more than a month of action, would have been decorated for heroism had he remained with his regiment two months longer. Curious feature of the case was that Dudley was no large for his age, looked like a boy of 13.

Illustrated by WALTER G. ALLAN

WALTER G. ALLAN



# THE TRAGIC NOTE

## An Amazing Man Story

What Can You Do With a Powerful  
Voice? Aman Was Given The  
Test That Stilled a Life . . .

By Matty Point



**A**MAN, the beautiful creature asked the Amazing Man, "won't you please sing for us that Cantata Unica? . . ."

Ordinarily, it would have been difficult to deny a girl such as this one the simple favor of singing a beautiful song, and we all expected Aman to begin.

"I don't think I can oblige you," replied Aman to the girl.

"Why, Aman!" the girl was plainly disappointed.

"Forgive me, but I cannot sing the Cantata. It is too awful . . ." explained Aman.

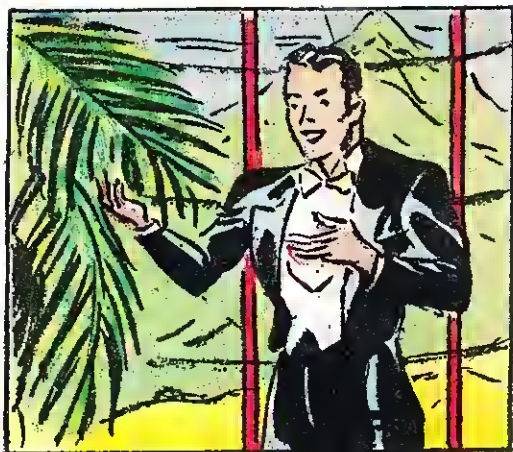
"But the Cantata is the most soothing and ethereal song in the universe," said the girl. "How can you, of all people, say it is awful?"

"I will explain," returned Aman, in his precise, musical voice.

Of course, we were all disappointed that Aman would not sing. The Amazing Man was gifted with a musical voice beyond the ordinary. Powerful, yet controlled, his voice would vibrate like an organ, or a fine violin. The Cantata Unica, which he had been asked to sing to us, he sang rarely, we all knew. That is why he was asked. It was the best of his songs, when he sang years back.

**I** WILL explain," Aman had said. We all settled back, and listened. We were his guests, in the huge princely residence that was his retreat in the highest Himalayas. The air was crystal, and the beauty of the surrounding country, crowded with mountains higher than the Rockies, filled us with wonder and amazement.

We were on the large crystal-enclosed veranda overlooking the huge Star Valley.



Aman had his back to it, and faced us. His tall, handsome silhouette was outlined against a sky of pure blue metal. It was a tense moment as he began:

**W**HEN I was still a student in Tibetland, I was required, as part of my extraordinary education, to learn the art of music. Perhaps it would be best to call it singing.

"My teachers, who were the wise men of the lofty mountains of Central Asia, taught me that the real music was everywhere in nature. My real teachers were the birds in the deep forests. There are no greater natural musicians than the birds.

"After that preliminary work, I was required to study the theory of music, its mathematics, and its special force and value in this world. That all came at once, and within a very short time, I had to cram a great deal of information.

"My teachers then had me pass a very strenuous test. There were five men who had to pass upon my qualifications as a musician, and I had to see each one separately, though they lived journeys apart.

"The first examiner satisfied himself that there wasn't a single bird note, or call that I didn't know, and that there didn't exist a musical sound, emitted by an animal, which I couldn't at once identify, in a musical way. I passed this first test.

The second examiner was interested in how much theory I had absorbed. We went over endless matters of scales, rhythm, transpositions, composition, trills, and what-nots. This test, too, I passed.

The third examiner wanted to be sure of my memory. He tried me with everything, I guess, that has ever been written in music. That was an easy test.

The fourth examiner desired to try my ability in creating music. That is, how well could I play a given instrument, or sing. How easily could I write original music, and play it? That one, too, was an easy test for me.



I hardly knew what the fifth test was going to be. It seemed to everything that could be desired had been asked of a musician! But I wearily trudged on to the fifth examiner, who lived in a retiring, distant place—so bleak and desolate that I wondered whether this test was one of courage, rather than music . . .

“WHEN I entered the large room where my fifth examiner was awaiting, I found a meeting was in progress. At least it seemed that way, for along the far end of the room, a long table, like a judge's bench was surrounded by a group of men. There was a larger, stronger man presiding. And all of them wore long robes, and buried their heads deep in their bonneted capes.

“They seemed to be waiting for me, and only the larger man spoke. His voice was deep, unearthly:

“‘We are pleased Aman has come,’ announced the Voice: ‘We are ready for the last test!’

“Then, it was explained to me, that here would be tested my Power—that is, the strength of my voice. An unusual test, about which I wondered.

“Deep in the shadows, to the left, I could dimly see a cowed figure. It was a frightened human being, of the type I had seen in the plains, during my journeys. He was strapped in what appeared to be a crude chair. There were wires, probably electric wires, connecting with the back and the arms. It was quite weird, and dim . . .

“‘Begin singing!’ the Voice commanded. ‘Sing, the Cantata Unica, Aman!’

“Slowly, I began the beautiful notes of the Cantata. In the still, confined space like a cavern, where this group sat as though in judgment, my voice at first sounded thin, empty, and almost inadequate.”

“I suppose that I gathered strength as I sang, for soon, the notes welled from my throat in full tones, and the cavern was filled with harmony.

“I couldn't help, somehow, watching the figure crouching in the chair, back in the dim corner to the left. Every one of my beautiful notes caused him an increased terror, and I wondered, for my sense of mind-reading hadn't yet been developed. In a way, I felt that man's life was dependent upon my singing, my voice . . .

“I sang on . . . Oh, I suppose I was inspired by the beauty of the song, by the weirdness of the place, and by the severity of the courtroom like place. I sang with thunderous force, until it seemed that the very stones of the cavern would vibrate . . .

“Then, on a vigorous note, in the twelfth series of the cantabile, on notes 4, 193, 4, 194, and 4, 195 (for I was required to give complete chord effects by splitting my voice in parts in this singing), the thing happened . . .

“As my voice lifted up higher, and higher and its power was shaking the very roof of the cavern, the helpless being in the chair began to twist and squirm, glaring at me with eyes appealing, and when I reached the peak, he slumped down, vanquished.

“I hurriedly finished the Cantata, and stood still awhile, not daring to look up. I was shaken, not with the effort which I had put into my singing, but by the tragedy which I knew I had precipitated, there, in the corner.”

THE group around Aman was listening breathlessly.

“But tell us, Aman,” insisted the girl who had first asked for the Cantata, “Why don't you want to sing the song for us today? All those things happened long ago . . .”

Aman, the Amazing Man, looked through all of us for a few moments. He was trying to tell us, by thought transference, what had happened in that cavern test, years back. For no mere words could convey exactly what he felt. It was feeling-words he wanted us to receive.

“My thought is telling you all . . .” Aman said. With his arms crossed on his chest, he stood there, still as the sky in back of him.

What we all saw, in our mind's eye, was Aman as he sang. Then the high notes, and the man in the corner . . . Then the tragic notes, and we felt the electric current as it surged through the unfortunate's body. And we knew that by some electric means, as Aman's voice reached a certain force, and a certain pitch, an electric relay switch was released. The very force of the voice did it. And the current flowed, to kill the crouching figure . . .

“Now”, Aman said, “You all know why I shall never again sing the Cantata Unica . . . It was the fifth, and the fearful test!”

The End







THUNDERING BEATS OF THE GIANT WAR DRUM SENT A TERRIFYING MESSAGE  
THROUGH THE WILD CONGO JUNGLE . . . A MESSAGE THAT A BRAVE

WHITE MAN HEARD—AND BEGAN TO INVESTIGATE!

**A Thrilling Adventure Illustrated by Paul Gustavson—Episode 1**

AT THE OUTPOST OF THE CONGO PATROL, LABU, SERVANT OF 'SANDY' THORNE, THE MOST FEARED OF MEN IN THE PATROL BY THE NATIVES, STANDS TENSELY IN FRONT OF THE OUTPOST



THE JUNGLE IS MUCH TOO SILENT—TROUBLE BREWING! I DO NOT LIKE IT, TUAN.

LABU—LISTEN! THE DRUMS ARE BEATING IN THE EAST! WE'LL BE ABLE TO HEAR IT DISTINCTLY SOON.



YOU KNOW, TUAN—?

YES—THE CONGO WAR DRUM! THAT HASN'T BEEN SOUNDED IN ALMOST FIVE YEARS! PACK OUR THINGS, LABU, WE'RE GOING INLAND



LET ME SEND A PATROL WITH YOU, SANDY—THIS SOUNDS SERIOUS!

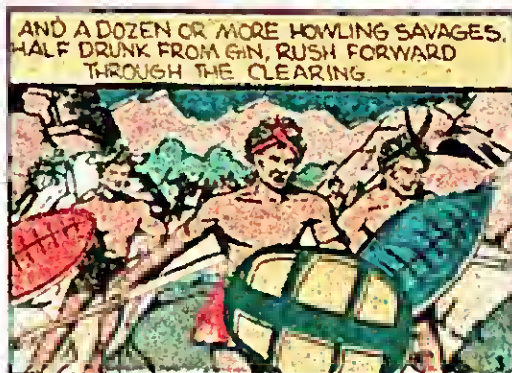
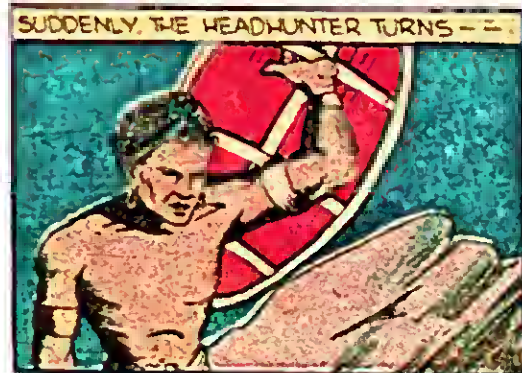
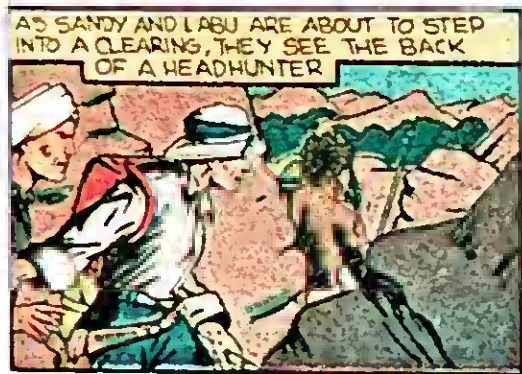
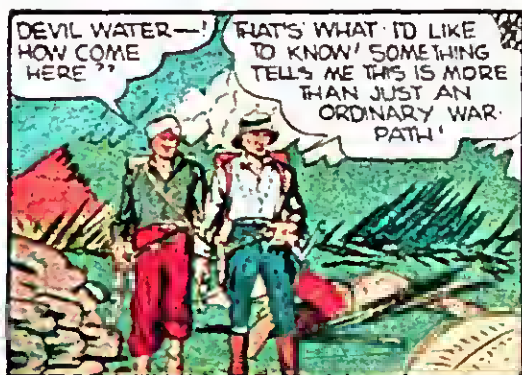
NO, THANKS! IF I DON'T GET BACK IN THREE MONTHS—THEN YOU CAN SEND IT OUT AFTER ME!



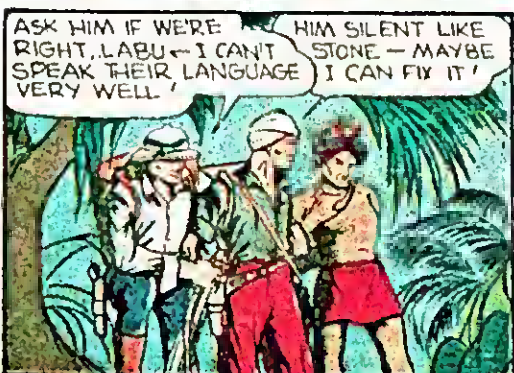
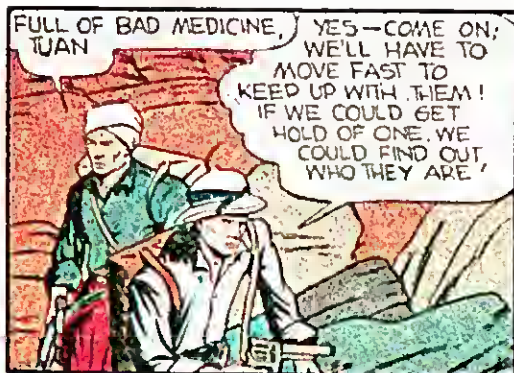














IT'S A LOT EASIER WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE TO CUT YOUR WAY THROUGH!

WE SHOULD BE THERE SOON, TUAN.



LABU — CAN YOU SEE THE FLAMES THROUGH THE TREES —! THEY MUST HAVE CAPTURED SOMEONE AND ARE HAVING A FIRE DANCE!



AS THEY DRAW NEADER, SANDY AND LABU SEE THE HEADHUNTERS DANCING WILDLY ABOUT A ROARING FIRE.



A FEW FEET FROM THE FIRE ARE THREE CAPTIVES TIED TO STAKES — ALL WHITE.



THEY'RE WHITE PEOPLE, TUAN!!

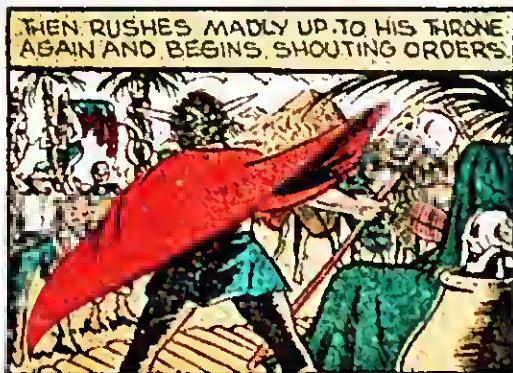
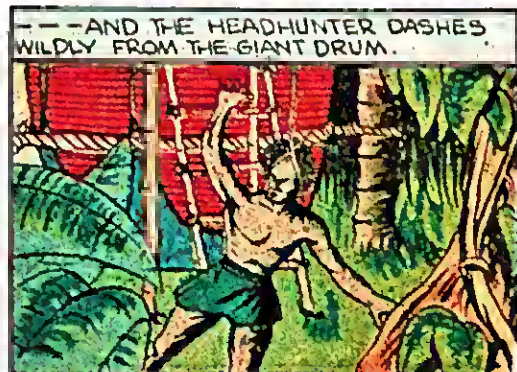
YES — AND IT WON'T TAKE LONG BEFORE THEY'LL BE BURNT ALIVE! COME ON, LABU — WE'RE TAKING OVER THIS PARTY!!



AT THE SIGHT OF SANDY, THE HEADHUNTER AT THE DRUM, SLOWS HIS BEAT AND A COLD SWEAT ROLLS DOWN HIS BROW.







NOW WHEN SANDY  
SEE HONKLE LAM  
AND SO, BEHOLD  
WHITE FINGERS  
TED DICKENS  
WILL BE ABLE  
TO STOP THE RAVING  
OF THE HEADHUNTERS  
NOW ISLAMANT  
CONNECTED WITH  
THE TUBES!!

— DON'T MISS —  
THE COMPLETION OF  
THIS STORY IN  
THE NEXT ISSUE!



# MINIMIDGET

## THE MINIATURE MAN

BY JOHN F. ROLD



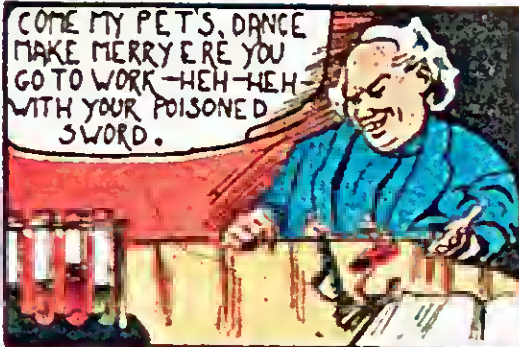
SO MY DEAR BROTHER WON'T LET ME HAVE MORE MONEY--HA-HA--WITH MY LITTLE PLAYMATES TO DEAL WITH HIM, AT MY COMMAND THEY WILL STRIKE, THEN-- HIS MONEY WILL BE MINE.



YES, MY PET'S WITH THIS LITTLE POISONED SWORD, AND I TO COMMAND YOU, THE MONEY SHALL BE MINE, TO USE, AS I PLEASE.



COME MY PET'S, DANCE MAKE MERRY HERE YOU GO TO WORK--HEH--HEH-- WITH YOUR POISONED SWORD.



THAT NIGHT BARNELL STARTS FOR HIS BROTHER'S MANSION--



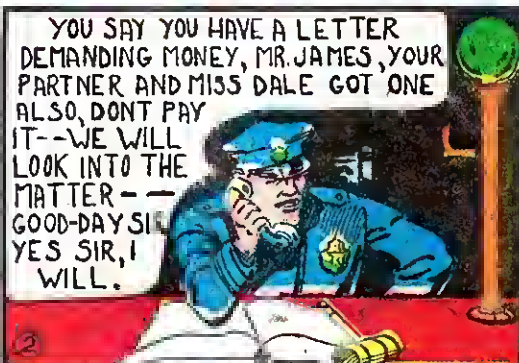
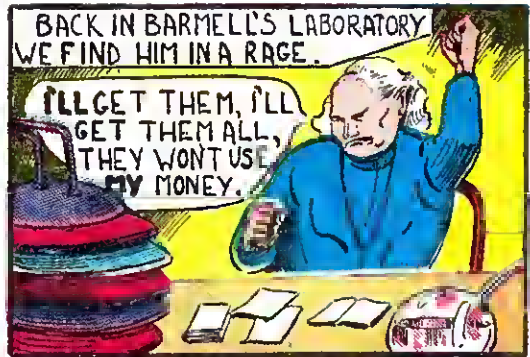
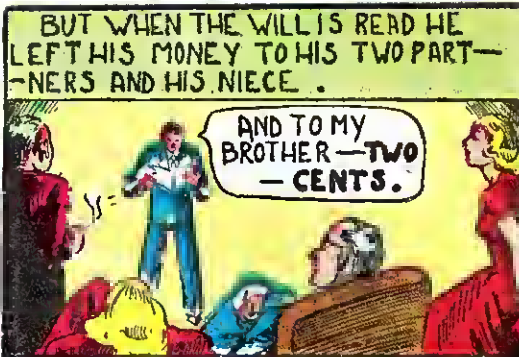
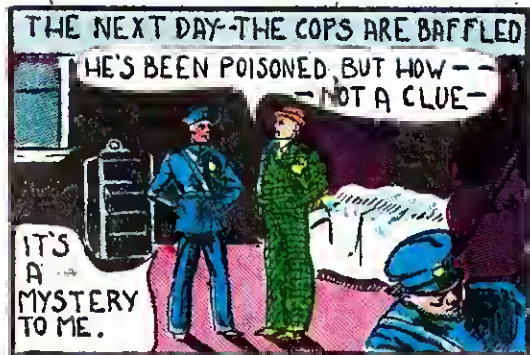
UNDER THE OPEN BEDROOM WINDOW, HE LIFTS UP HIS BRANCHCHILD, A HUMAN MAN, REDUCED TO THE SIZE OF HIS HAND



ACROSS THE SILL, OVER THE DRESSER, TO THE FLOOR, WENT THE SUPERMIDGET.









THAT NIGHT POLICE CARS GO ROARING UP TO MR. JAMES' HOUSE. MR. JAMES WAS DEAD--KILLED--WITNESSED BY THE MAID.



YES; WE THOUGHT HE HAD JUST FAINTED; BUT THE DOCTOR SAID HE WAS DEAD--POISONED-- YOU CALLED A DOCTOR FIRST.

LOOKS LIKE THOSE LETTERS MEANT WHAT THEY SAID, AND NO FOOLING!



I WAS STANDING BY HIM--AND THE OTHER MAID ALSO-- I NOTICED HE RUBBED HIS LEG, THEN HE FELL

AND YOU SAW NOTHING ELSE

MUST BE A SPOOK



BACK AT HEADQUARTERS

NOW MEN, IT LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE A SERIOUS CASE ON OUR HANDS. JIM--YOU GUARD MR. JAMES' PARTNER, AND BOB--YOU WATCH MISS DALE, AND NO ROMANTIC STUFF, THIS IS DARNED SERIOUS.



MEANWHILE BACK IN BARMELL'S LABORATORY

ME A GENIUS! STARVING, REVENGE IS SWEET-- I WHILE THEY LIVE IN HIGH STYLE, ON MY MONEY. SHALL HAVE MY REVENGE.



MY PET'S WILL HELP ME. I'LL SHOW THEM

THAT NIGHT A BLACK CLOAKED FIGURE STARTS OUT AGAIN --



AND STOPS BENEATH AN OPEN WINDOW

IT WHISPERS

REMEMBER WHAT I TOLD YOU!

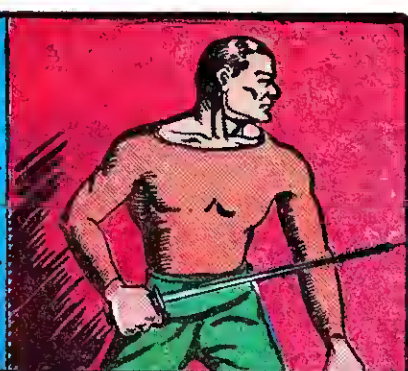




ACROSS  
THE ROOM  
TO THE  
OPEN DOOR  
WENT THE  
SUPERMIDGET



OUT  
INTO  
THE  
HALL--  
ALONG  
THE  
SIDEWALL



UP THE  
STAIRS



TO THE  
SECOND  
FLOOR



SHARP EYE'S THAT PIERCED THE  
GLOOM OF THE HALL WATCHED HIM. HE  
TURNED IN TIME TO SEE A CAT READY  
TO SPRING ON HIM.



AS THE CAT LEAPED HE STEPPED  
ASIDE AND STABBED HIM IN THE  
NECK.

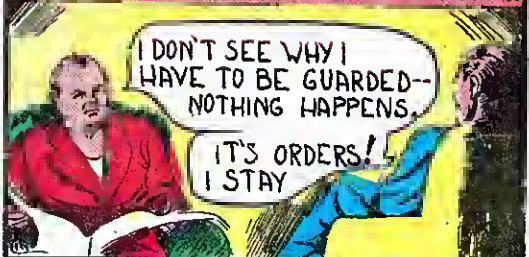


THE POISON TOOK EFFECT AT ONCE  
ON THE CAT-- HE LAY TWITCHING,  
THEN WAS QUIET---DEAD---

THAT  
DANGER  
OVER--HE  
CONTINUED  
DOWN THE  
HALL TO AN  
OPEN DOOR  
---LIGHT  
COMING  
FROM IT--



STEALING HIS WAY AROUND THE ROOM  
HE CREEPT BEHIND THE MAN HE WAS  
TO KILL. A DETECTIVE WAS WITH HIM.



I DON'T SEE WHY I  
HAVE TO BE GUARDED--  
NOTHING HAPPENS.

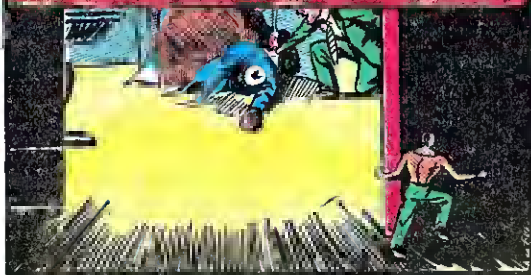
IT'S ORDERS!  
I STAY



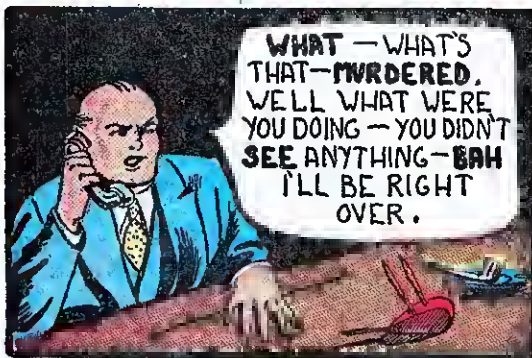
UNDERNEATH THE DOOMED MAN  
CROUCHED THE SUPERMIDGET -- SWORD  
IN HAND.



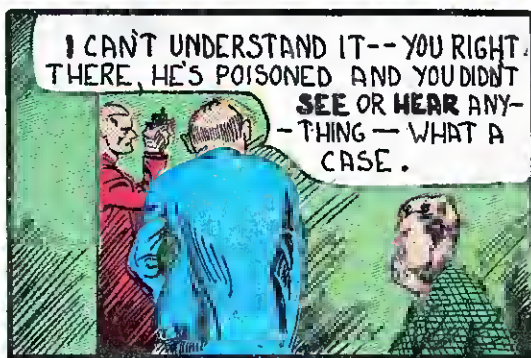
A QUICK JAB OF HIS SWORD, LIKE A  
SHADOW HE DARTED FOR THE WALL --  
AROUND THE ROOM AND OUT THE DOOR



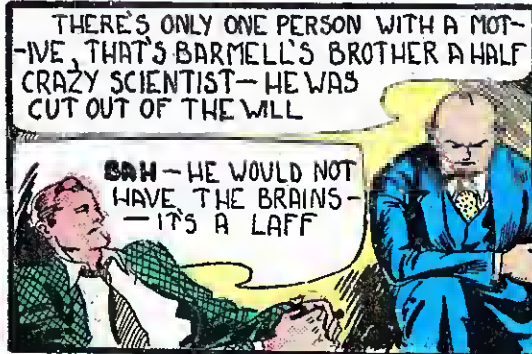
WHAT -- WHAT'S  
THAT -- ~~MURDERED~~.  
WELL WHAT WERE  
YOU DOING -- YOU DIDN'T  
SEE ANYTHING -- BAH  
I'LL BE RIGHT  
OVER.



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT -- YOU RIGHT  
THERE, HE'S POISONED AND YOU DIDN'T  
SEE OR HEAR ANY-  
THING -- WHAT A  
CASE.



THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WITH A MOT-  
IVE, THAT'S BARMELL'S BROTHER A HALF  
CRAZY SCIENTIST -- HE WAS  
CUT OUT OF THE WILL



BAH -- HE WOULD NOT  
HAVE THE BRAINS --  
IT'S A LAFF

O.K. I'LL GO

HE LIVES IN THE  
CELLAR OF THAT  
HOUSE -- WE'LL  
QUESTION THE  
JANITOR FIRST



IN  
THE  
MORNING

YOU SAY BAR-  
MELL DIDN'T  
LEAVE LAST NIGHT

NO SIR, THERE'S  
ONLY ONE WAY --  
THAT'S  
PAST  
ME



YOU SAY HE'S OUT  
NOW -- WE'LL BE  
BACK

YES SIR





BUT BEHIND BARMELL'S DOOR—LISTENING

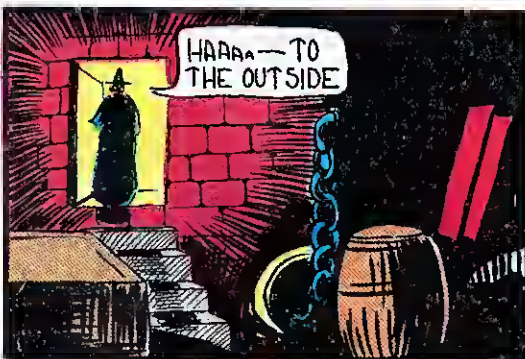
HEH-HEH-- THEY  
DON'T KNOW OF THE  
SECRET PASSAGE.  
TRY AND GET ME,  
YOU DUMB COPS.  
HEH-HEH-HEH



THEN MY REVENGE  
SHALL BE COMPLETE.  
HEH-HEH-DANCE  
LITTLE ONE'S, DANCE



HAAA--TO  
THE OUTSIDE



THREE HOURS  
GONE!!!

SOMETHING  
HAS HAPPENED!  
MY PET SHOULD  
BE BACK-- I  
MUST LEAVE-- IT  
IS NEAR DAYBREAK



ONE MORE -- SHE  
HAS MY MONEY BUT  
SHE WON'T USE IT  
NOW TO GET THE  
LAST ONE.

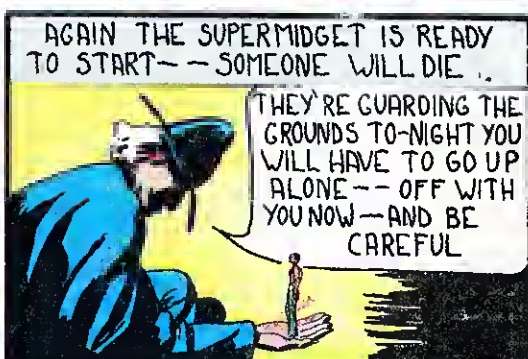
DONNING HIS CAPE AND HAT HE WENT  
TO THE WALL

A LITTLE  
PRESSURE ON  
THIS STONE,  
AND I HAVE  
ANOTHER  
EXIT

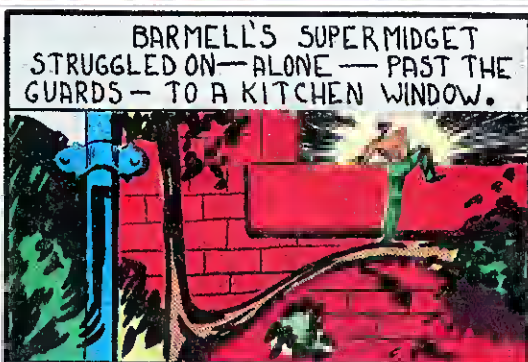


AGAIN THE SUPERMIDGET IS READY  
TO START-- SOMEONE WILL DIE

THEY'RE GUARDING THE  
GROUNDS TO-NIGHT YOU  
WILL HAVE TO GO UP  
ALONE-- OFF WITH  
YOU NOW--AND BE  
CAREFUL

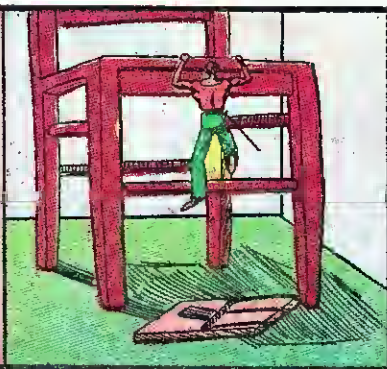


BARMELL'S SUPERMIDGET  
STRUGGLED ON--ALONE-- PAST THE  
GUARDS-- TO A KITCHEN WINDOW.

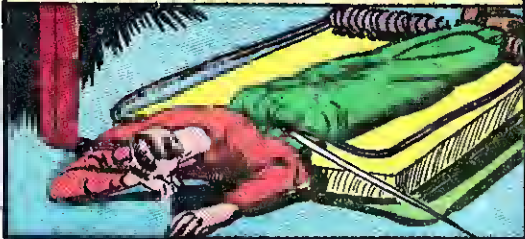




IN THE  
WINDOW  
—DOWN  
A CHAIR  
TO HIS  
DOOM



THERE IS A SHARP CLICK! — A SHRILL  
SCREAM! THEN SILENCE. THE COOK,  
SEEKING TO CATCH A RAT, HAD  
CAUGHT A MURDERER.



IN THE  
MORNING,  
THE COOK  
PICKED  
UP THE  
TRAP—  
GASPED—  
THEN  
YELLED

QUICK! GET  
THE POLICE  
LOOK WHAT I  
CAUGHT IT IS  
HORRIBLE.



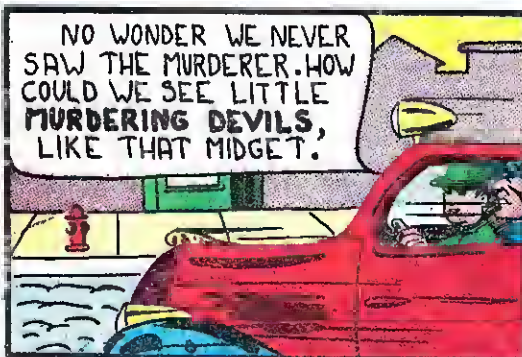
WHY — THAT'S WHAT  
MY UNCLE WANTED  
MONEY FOR, TO CREATE  
**SUPERNIDGETS**

YES — AND  
THAT'S WHY HE  
KILLED HIS  
BROTHER — HE  
WOULDN'T GIVE  
HIM ANY

LET'S GO  
GET  
HIM



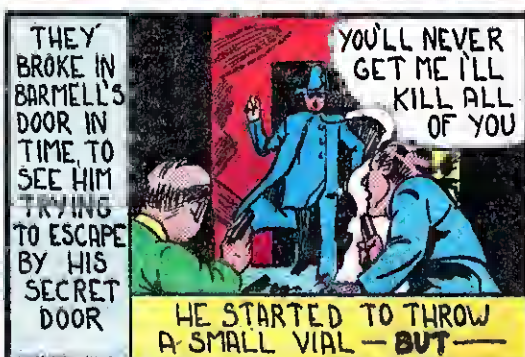
NO WONDER WE NEVER  
SAW THE MURDERER. HOW  
COULD WE SEE LITTLE  
**MURDERING DEVILS,**  
LIKE THAT MIDGET.



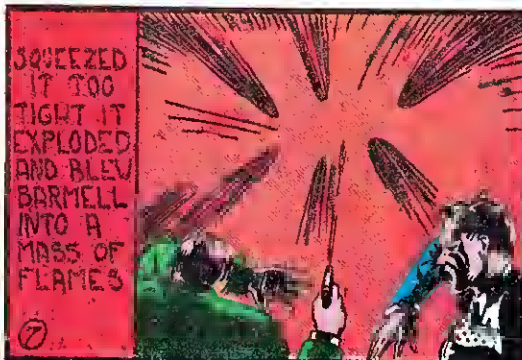
THEY  
BROKE IN  
BARMELL'S  
DOOR IN  
TIME, TO  
SEE HIM  
TRYING  
TO ESCAPE  
BY HIS  
SECRET  
DOOR

YOU'LL NEVER  
GET ME I'LL  
KILL ALL  
OF YOU

HE STARTED TO THROW  
A SMALL VIAL — BUT —



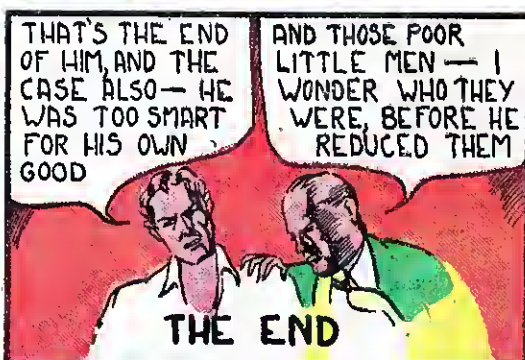
SQUEEZED  
IT TOO  
TIGHT IT  
EXPLODED  
AND BLEW  
BARMELL  
INTO A  
MASS OF  
FLAMES



THAT'S THE END  
OF HIM, AND THE  
CASE ALSO — HE  
WAS TOO SMART  
FOR HIS OWN  
GOOD

AND THOSE POOR  
LITTLE MEN — I  
WONDER WHO THEY  
WERE, BEFORE HE  
REDUCED THEM

THE END

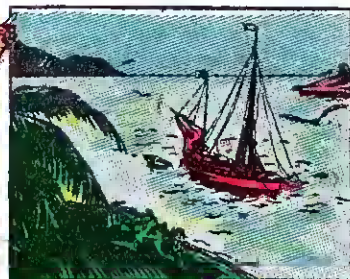




# CHUCK HARDY

in **THE LAND  
BENEATH THE SEA**

by Franklyn Thomas



THE SMALL YAWL "RESEARCH" COMES TO ANCHOR OFF THE ISLAND OF TAHUATA, ONE OF THE MARQUESAN GROUP, IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

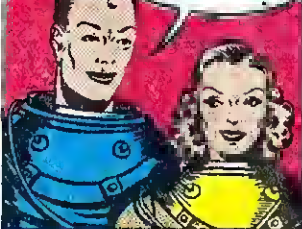


CHUCK, YOU AND MISS PETERSON CAN'T FAIL US TODAY... WE MUST HAVE SOME SPECIMENS!

-HEAR THAT CHUCK?

**A**BOARD THE VESSEL, A SMALL PARTY OF AMERICAN SCIENTISTS, HEADED BY PROFESSOR KINGSLEY, OF PORTMOUTH UNIVERSITY, PREPARE FOR THE DAY'S UNDERSEA EXPEDITION BY TWO OF ITS MEMBERS ~

OH YEAH? IF I DON'T DO BETTER THAN YOU DID YESTERDAY, I'LL STAY UNDER... YOU WERE DOWN AN HOUR AND ALL YOU BROUGHT UP WAS SEAWEED! WATCH ME TODAY, JERRY, AND LEARN!



YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW THAT HELMET IMPROVES YOUR APPEARANCE, CHUCK!

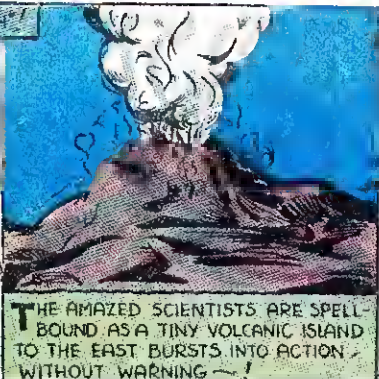


**E**QUIPMENT ADJUSTED, JERRY AND CHUCK DESCEND TO THE BLUE DEPTHS OF THE PACIFIC ~



SUDDENLY, ABOARD THE "RESEARCH"!

LOOK - PROFESSOR!  
**VOLCANO!**

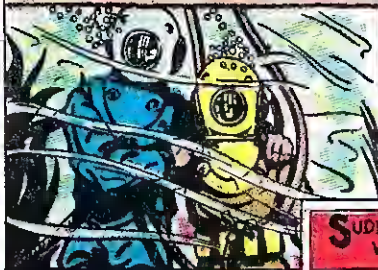


**T**HE AMAZED SCIENTISTS ARE SPELL-BOUND AS A TINY VOLCANIC ISLAND TO THE EAST BURSTS INTO ACTION WITHOUT WARNING ~!

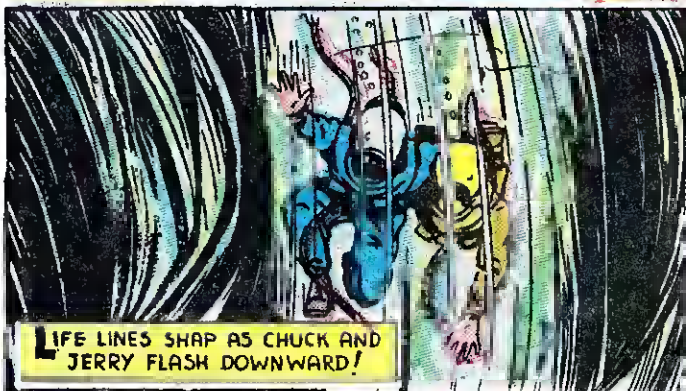


WE HAVEN'T A SECOND TO LOSE!! GET JERRY AND CHUCK UP ON BOARD! **HURRY!!** THIS WATER WILL BE BOILING HOT IN JUST A FEW MINUTES! IF WE DON'T GET OUT OF HERE WE'LL ALL BE COOKED!

**B**UT TOO LATE! — UNDERSEA, THE TWO EXPLORERS CLING TO EACH OTHER AS CURRENTS SWIRL AND THE OCEAN BOTTOM TREMBLES!

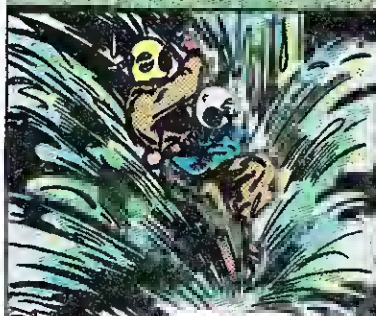


**S**UDDENLY THE OCEAN FLOOR GIVES WAY BENEATH THEIR FEET!!



**L**IFE LINES SHAP AS CHUCK AND JERRY FLASH DOWNWARD!

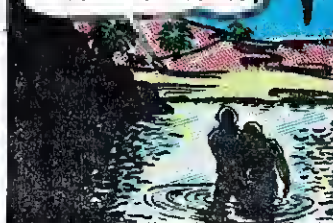
**T**HERE IS A DISTANT RUMBLE, AS OF THUNDER... THE FALL OF WATER, WITH ITS HUMAN CARGO, ENDS ABRUPTLY!



**JERRY'S UNCONSCIOUS! —** IF I'M NOT SEEING THINGS, THERE'S LIGHT UP AHEAD! MUST HURRY! I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL WEAK AND SHAKY!



GUESS WE'LL MAKE IT! YOU'RE A HEFTY DRAG IN THAT OUTFIT, PARTNER! — JEEPERS! — IF THIS IS A DREAM, I WISH THE ALARM WOULD GO OFF!



WHAT'S HAPPENED??? — WHERE AM I?? **CHUCK!** OOH!! — LET ME TAKE OFF YOUR HELMET!!



SUCH A QUEER PLACE! WHERE ARE WE?? — ARE WE — CAN THIS BE HEAVEN??

SEARCH ME, JERRY! — I'M TOO HAPPY TO BE IN ONE PIECE TO WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE YET!

WE'LL TAKE A STROLL AROUND AND TRY TO FIGURE IT OUT... WISH WE HAD A GUN!



**LOOK OUT CHUCK!! —** — BEHIND YOU!!







FROM THE FOLIAGE STEPS FORTH A BAND OF WARRIORS AS WEIRD AND UNREAL AS THEIR SURROUNDINGS!

GREETINGS GENTS!—WELL? SPEAK UP!!—WHO ARE YOU? WHERE ARE WE? WHAT—

HUSH CHUCK!! THEY DON'T UNDERSTAND! ACT FRIENDLY!



THE LEADER SUDDENLY POINTS EXCITEDLY AND SCREAMS A COMMAND!



PANIC BREAKS OUT AS A DREADED SALAMANDRON APPROACHES!!



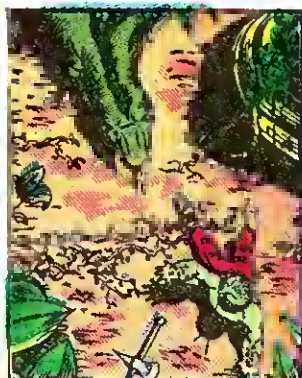
BELLOWING IN RAGE, THE BEAST CHARGES!



RUN FOR A TREE JERRY!!



LOOK!—THAT POOR DEVIL FELL!—HIS FOOT'S CAUGHT IN A VINE!



CHUCK!



SURPRISED BY CHUCK'S SUDDEN APPEARANCE, THE SALAMANDRON HESITATES AND EYES HIS NEW Foe...





THE BEAST SINKS SLOWLY ~ THE AXE  
DRIVEN DEEPLY INTO ITS SKULL!



~GUESS WE'VE  
FOUND A PAL, JERRY...

THE RESCUED WARRIOR  
EXPRESSES HIS THANKS!



BY SAVING HIM FROM THAT BEAST  
WE'VE MADE ONE FRIEND.... I HOPE  
THE OTHERS FEEL THE SAME WAY!



WE CAN'T UNDERSTAND A WORD  
YOU'RE SAYING, PARTNER... BUT WE  
KNOW YOU ARE GRATEFUL... WISH  
I COULD FIND THE KEY TO YOUR  
LANGUAGE... SOUNDS A LITTLE LIKE  
NATIVE AFRICAN... TELL US, WHERE  
ARE WE?? WHAT IS YOUR  
NAME?? YOUR NAME!  
**NAME!**



2

CHUCK!... JER-RY!...  
...WHO ARE YOU??

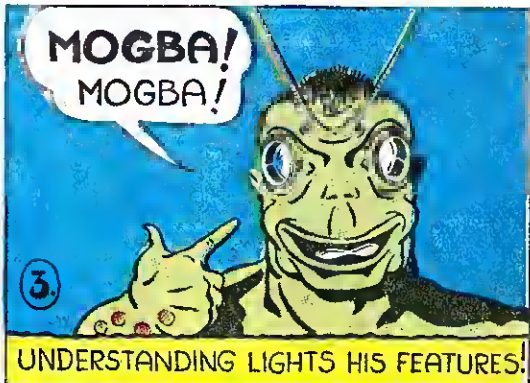


CHUCK POINTS FIRST TO HIMSELF...  
...THEN JERRY... SPEAKING THEIR NAMES

**MOGBA!**  
**MOGBA!**

3

UNDERSTANDING LIGHTS HIS FEATURES!



ATTABOY MOGBA!!

CHUCK!! HERE  
COME THE  
OTHERS BACK!

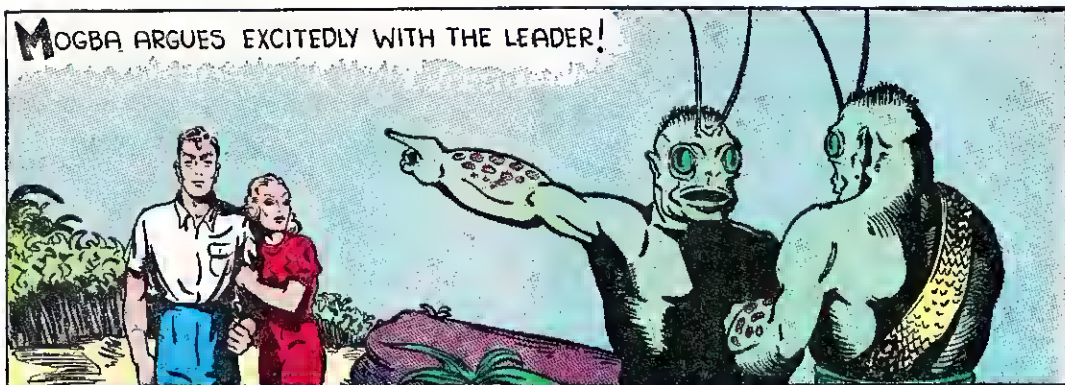


GO AHEAD MOGBA!...  
...SPEAK YOUR PIECE!  
TELL THEM WHAT  
GRAND FOLKS WE ARE!





**MOGBA ARGUES EXCITEDLY WITH THE LEADER!**



**2.**

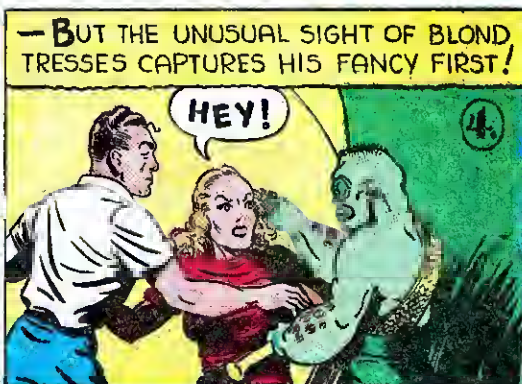


**WOOF!..THE CHIEF  
STRAIGHT-ARMS 'EM!! POOR  
MOGBA!... IF HE TRIES THAT  
ON ME, HE'S DUE  
FOR A SURPRISE!!**



**3.**

**— BUT THE UNUSUAL SIGHT OF BLOND  
TRESSES CAPTURES HIS FANCY FIRST!**



**HEY!**

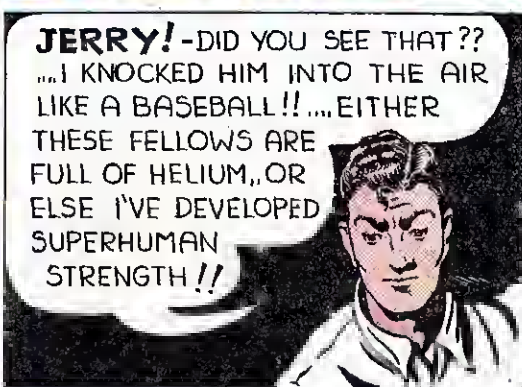
**4.**

**HANDS OFF -  
YOU GORILLA!**



**5.**

**JERRY! -DID YOU SEE THAT??  
...I KNOCKED HIM INTO THE AIR  
LIKE A BASEBALL!! ...EITHER  
THESE FELLOWS ARE  
FULL OF HELIUM,,OR  
ELSE I'VE DEVELOPED  
SUPERHUMAN  
STRENGTH!!**





THE WARRIORS ARE TAKEN ABACK BY  
CHUCK'S EXHIBITION OF STRENGTH!!



NOW'S OUR CHANCE!—WHILE  
THEY'RE THINKING THAT ONE  
OVER!!—C'MON JERRY,  
LET'S BEAT IT!!



TO THEIR ASTONISHMENT,,CHUCK  
AND JERRY FIND THAT THEIR  
EFFORTS CARRY THEM THROUGH  
THE AIR IN HUGE BOUNDS!!



WE SURE LEFT THERE  
IN A HURRY!!—CHUCK,  
CAN YOU EXPLAIN  
OUR SUDDEN ABILITY  
TO JUMP LIKE  
THAT??

I THINK SO.  
—LET'S REST  
HERE A  
MINUTE..



—IT'S CAUSED BY LACK OF AIR  
PRESSURE, WHICH IS BEING  
BORNE BY THE EARTH CRUST ABOVE  
US.... OUR STRENGTH, GAUGED FOR  
EXISTENCE IN EARTH  
SURFACE ATMOSPHERIC  
PRESSURE, IS TRIPLED  
DOWN HERE!!



THEN WE'RE  
BENEATH  
EARTH SUR-  
FACE??

YES—BENEATH THE  
SEA....I THINK AN  
EARTHQUAKE OPENED  
THE SEA FLOOR...OUR  
DIVING SUITS EASED  
OUR FALL..





SCIENTIFIC HISTORY TELLS US THAT  
LIFE ORIGINATED IN THE SEA  
JERRY..... IT'S MY GUESS  
THAT WE ARE IN  
A SUBTERRANEAN  
WORLD, EVOLVED  
FROM THE SAME  
HUMBLE SOURCE  
AS OUR OUTSIDE  
UNIVERSE ....



IT SEEMS TO BE A  
VAST 'TERRITORY —  
.....AND I'VE A HUNCH  
THAT MOGBA AND HIS  
BAND ARE NOT  
RULERS HERE !!

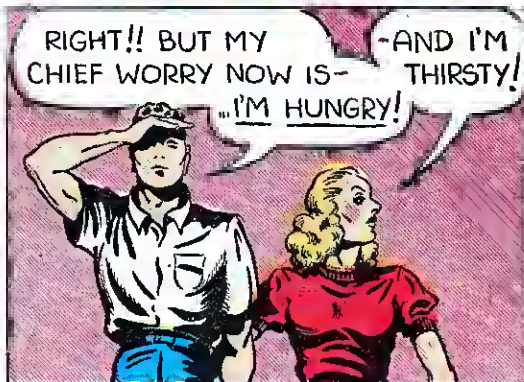


—THEN YOU EXPECT TO  
FIND A HIGHER  
TYPE RACE  
OF PEOPLE  
HERE ??

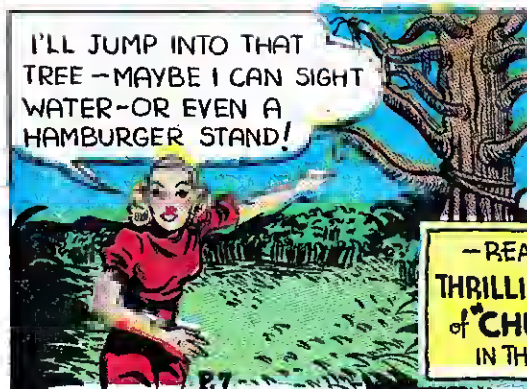


RIGHT!! BUT MY  
CHIEF WORRY NOW IS—  
...I'M HUNGRY!

—AND I'M  
THIRSTY!



I'LL JUMP INTO THAT  
TREE —MAYBE I CAN SIGHT  
WATER—OR EVEN A  
HAMBURGER STAND!



—READ MORE OF THE  
THRILLING ADVENTURES  
of "CHUCK HARDY"  
IN THE NEXT EPISODE!





# "SLIM" BRADLEY

FOREST RANGER

By  
**DICK HAYES**

THRILLING  
ADVENTURE

MYSTERY OF  
THE KIDNAPPED  
HEIR

I'VE WATCHED THIS PASS ALL DAY AND NOT A SIGN OF THEM. MORE'N LIKELY THOSE FELLOWS THAT TOOK THE KID WILL TRY AND SNEAK ACROSS THE CANADIAN BORDER, AS ITS ONLY A FEW MILES FROM HERE -- AND THEY HAVE TO CROSS THIS PASS



I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THOSE KIDNAPPERS JUST ONCE --- THERE WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH LEFT OF 'EM TO BAIT A WEASEL TRAP!!



**L**ITTLE JACKIE STILLMAN, 10 YEAR OLD SON OF THE MILLIONAIRE A.K. STILLMAN, HAS BEEN **KIDNAPPED!** BROUGHT TO THE MOUNTAINS OF THE SPEARHEAD NATIONAL FOREST TO ACCOMPANY HIS FATHER ON A FISHING TRIP, THE BOY WAS STOLEN FROM CAMP AT NIGHT WHILE HIS FATHER AND THEIR GUIDE SLEPT CLOSE BY.

"SLIM" HAS GONE TO CLOUDY PASS TO SEARCH FOR THE MISSING HEIR.



BETTER BE GETTING BACK TO THE RANGER STATION BEFORE DARK -- IF ANYBODY'S ON THE TRAIL NOW I'LL MEET 'EM



GET A GOOD FEED, BUCK, WE MAY HAVE A BIG DAY TOMORROW.

FUNNY THOSE FELLOWS HAVEN'T TRIED TO CONTACT THE BOY'S FATHER. MUST BE THE SAME GANG THAT TRIED TO STEAL JACKIE IN THE CITY. THAT'S WHY STILLMAN BROUGHT HIM UP HERE IN THE WOODS





THAT NIGHT, A KNOCK AT THE DOOR WAKES "SLIM"

COME IN!

OH, IT'S YOU, DANNY,  
HEADIN' UP TO YOUR  
MINE KINDA' LATE  
TONIGHT, AREN'T YOU?

BETTER STAY HERE WITH  
ME TONIGHT AND GO  
UP IN THE MORNING.  
THERE'S ANOTHER  
BUNK UPSTAIRS AND  
PLENTY OF  
BLANKETS

NO -- GOT A HEAD O'  
WORK TO DO AT THE  
MINE AND FIGGUR TO BE  
AT IT BY SUNUP -- GUESS  
I'LL BE DRIFTIN' ON

WELL, KEEP YOUR  
EYES OPEN ON THE  
TRAIL FOR ANY SIGN  
OF THOSE KIDNAPPERS

BY CRACKY--I ALMOST  
FORGOT TO GIVE YOU THIS  
LETTER I BRUNG FROM THE  
CHIEF RANGER AT THREE  
RIVERS

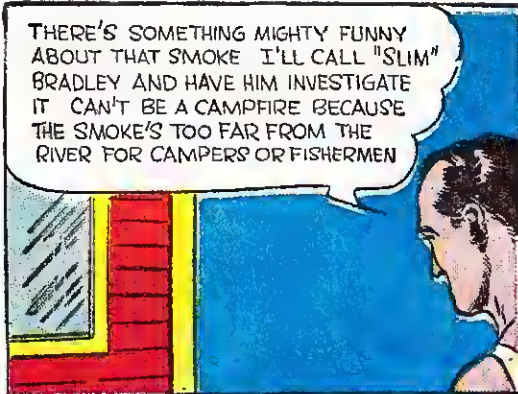
THE NEXT MORNING, SHORTLY AFTER  
DAYBREAK, THE FIRE LOOKOUT ON  
GRANITE MOUNTAIN SPOTS A "SUS-  
PICIOUS" LOOKING RIBBON OF SMOKE  
DRIFTING UP THE HEAVILY TIMBERED  
DEVILS RIVER VALLEY!

NOW ISN'T THAT  
NICE --- SUPPOSE  
THEY EXPECT US  
TO CAPTURE THOSE  
GUYS WITH A  
SLING SHOT!

It is believed that the kidnapers  
of Jackie Stillman are hiding some-  
where in the Spearhead National For-  
est. Rangers are warned to use the  
utmost caution if the criminals are  
discovered, as they are believed to  
be heavily armed. However, referring  
to regulation No. 8149, rangers are  
**NOT ALLOWED TO CARRY FIREARMS.**



THERE'S SOMETHING MIGHTY FUNNY ABOUT THAT SMOKE I'LL CALL "SLIM" BRADLEY AND HAVE HIM INVESTIGATE IT CAN'T BE A CAMPFIRE BECAUSE THE SMOKE'S TOO FAR FROM THE RIVER FOR CAMPERS OR FISHERMEN



I'M PRACTICALLY ON MY WAY, DAVE!

YOU BETTER NOTIFY THE TRAIL CREW ON LITTLE SANDY CREEK TO STAND BY FOR FIRE FIGHTING EMERGENCY



HELLO, 'SLIM'? SORRY TO GET YOU OUT OF BED SO EARLY, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S A FIRE UP THE MIDDLE FORK OF DEVILS RIVER --- 'BOUT TWO MILES ABOVE THE "LAST CHANCE" CROSSING UP IN THE WOODS ON THE NORTH SLOPE ---



STRETCH YOUR LEGS THERE, BUCK--WE'RE GOING PLACES!

THERE'S BEEN NO LIGHTNING FOR TWO WEEKS, SO I WONDER WHAT STARTED THAT FIRE!

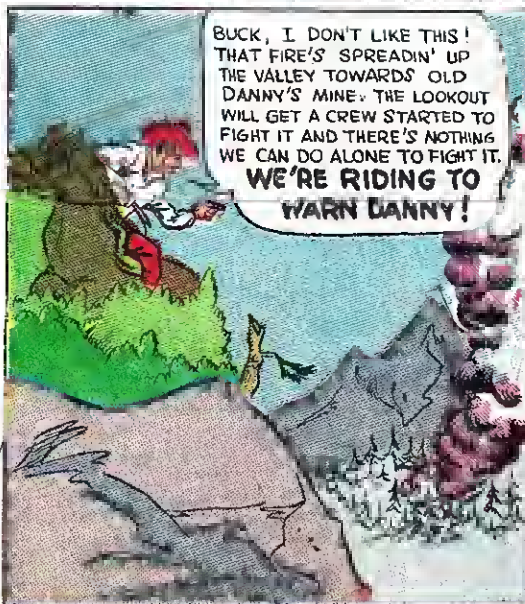


MEANWHILE, THE WIND HAS SHIFTED TO THE SOUTH, BRINGING HOT, DRY AIR UP THE VALLEY INTO TREES ALREADY DRY AS POWDER FROM THE SUMMER HEAT!

-- THE FIRE HAS STARTED TO "CROWN" AND RED FINGERS RACE THROUGH THE TREETOPS WITH THE SPEED OF AN EXPRESS TRAIN!

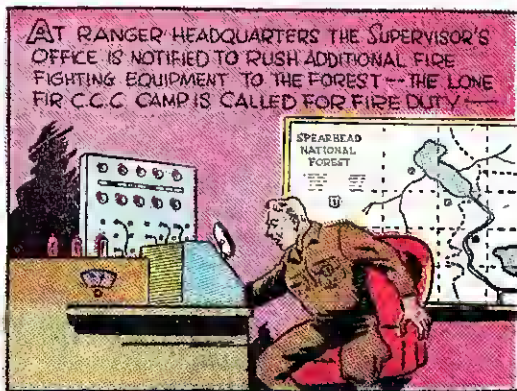


BUCK, I DON'T LIKE THIS! THAT FIRE'S SPREADIN' UP THE VALLEY TOWARDS OLD DANNY'S MINE. THE LOOKOUT WILL GET A CREW STARTED TO FIGHT IT AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO ALONE TO FIGHT IT. WE'RE RIDING TO WARN DANNY!



BUT, WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE KIDNAPPERS AND LITTLE JACKIE STILLMAN? WILL THEY BE TRAPPED BY THE ROARING FLAMES AND UNABLE TO ESCAPE THE FIRE?

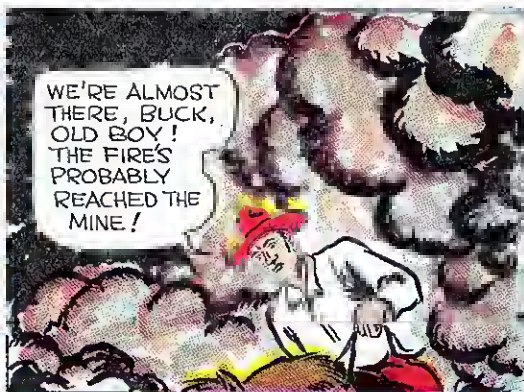








A FEW MINUTES MORE AND WE'D NEVER HAVE GOTTEN THROUGH HERE!



WE'RE ALMOST THERE, BUCK, OLD BOY! THE FIRES PROBABLY REACHED THE MINE!



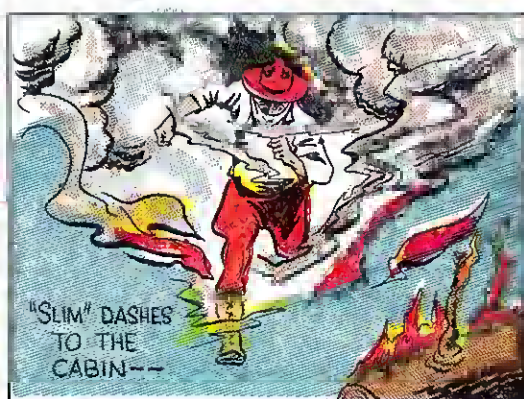
WITH THE FOREST ALL ABLAZE AROUND THE MINE, "SLIM" RUNS TO THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE



DANNY CAN'T BE DOWN IN THE MINE, BECAUSE ALL OF HIS TOOLS ARE STACKED OVER THERE! I'LL TRY THE CABIN, BUT I'D BETTER TIE A HANDKERCHIEF OVER MY FACE BEFORE I GO THROUGH THAT SMOKE AGAIN



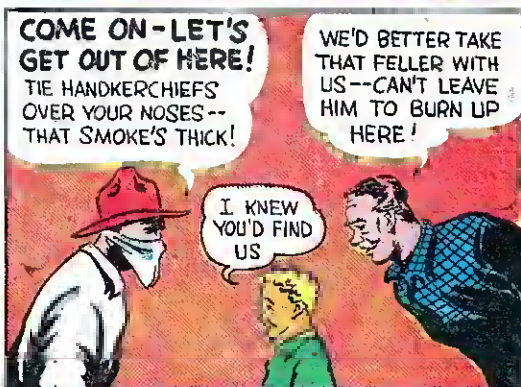
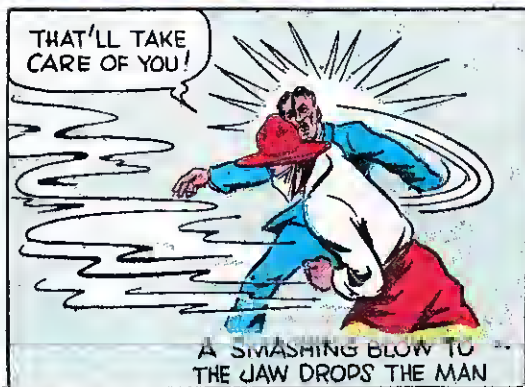
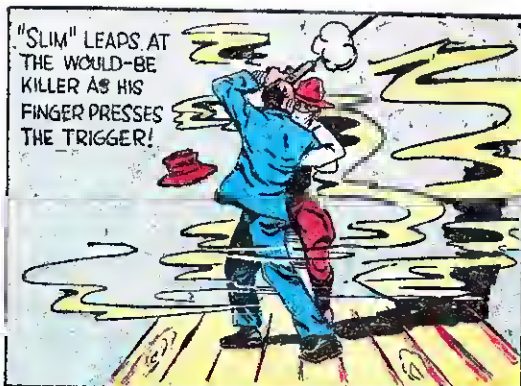
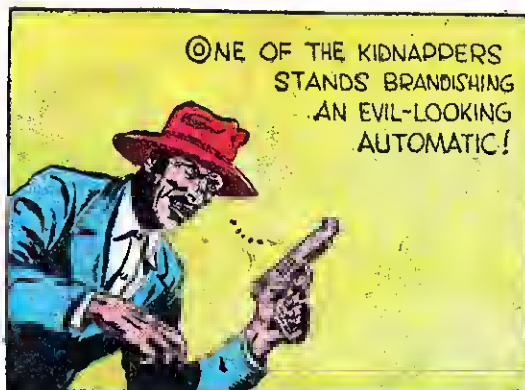
HE FINDS THE CABIN DOOR LOCKED AND BATTERS HIS WAY IN. ON THE FLOOR OLD DANNY AND THE STILLMAN BOY LIE BOUND AND GAGGED!



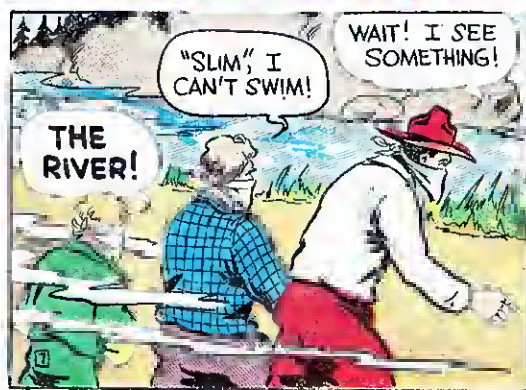
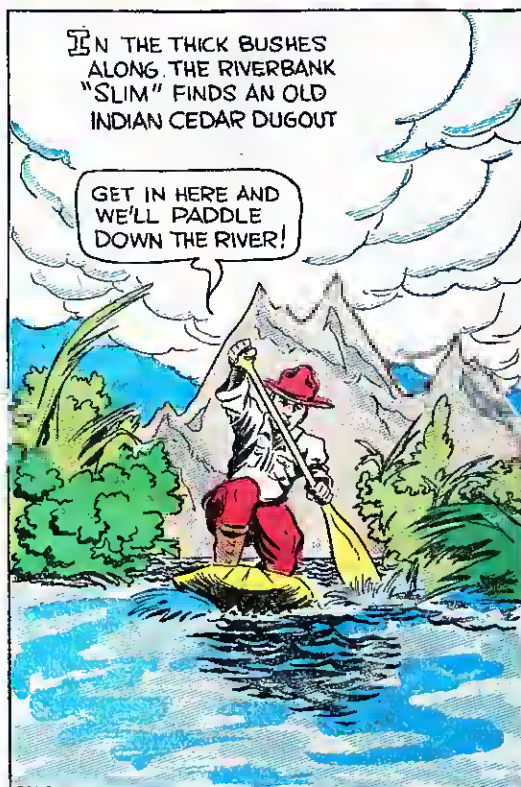
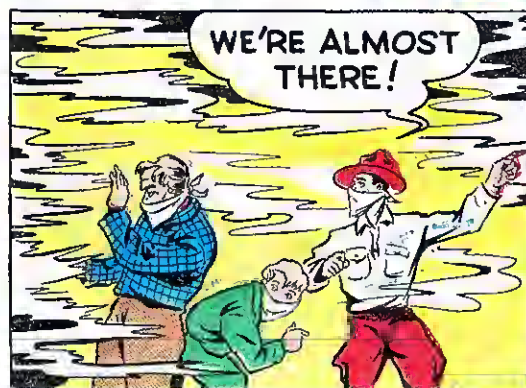
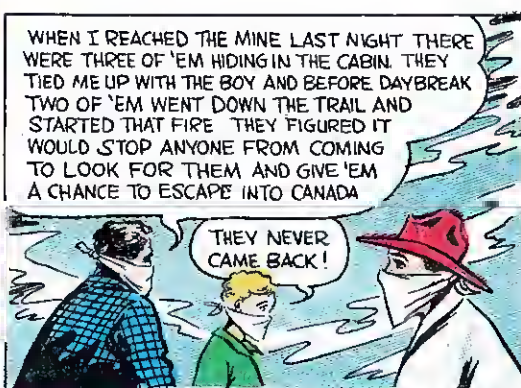
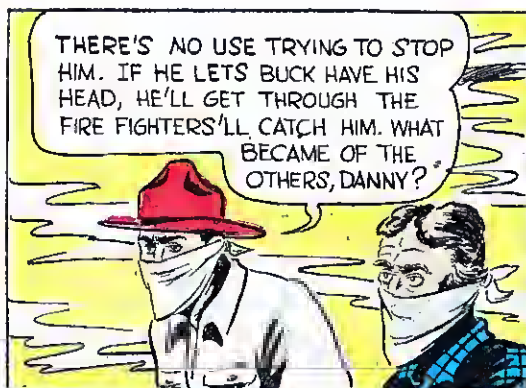
"SLIM" DASHES TO THE CABIN--







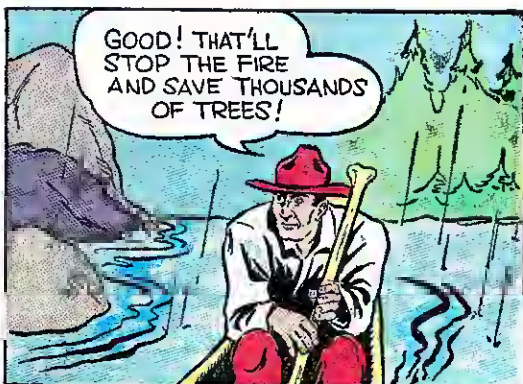




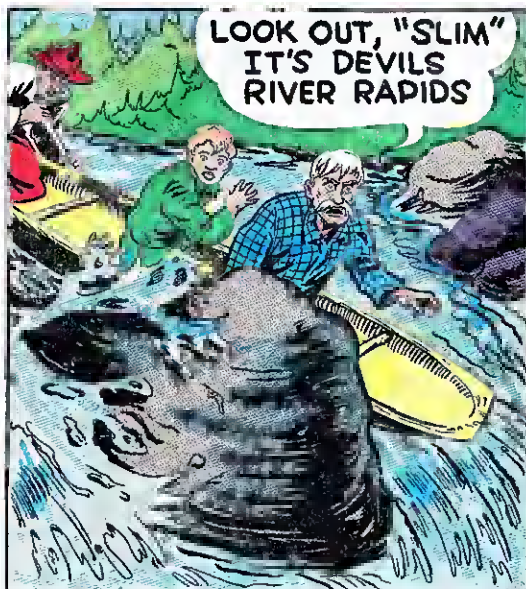




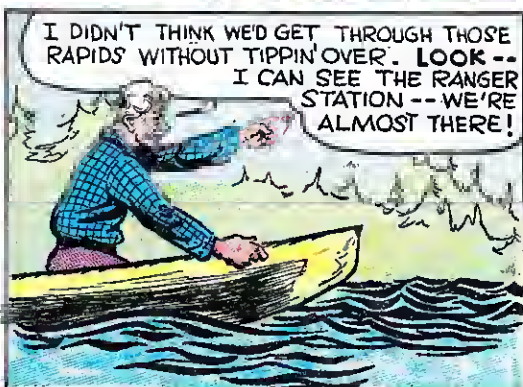
"SLIM," IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN! AND LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN FOR A REAL SHOWER!



GOOD! THAT'LL STOP THE FIRE AND SAVE THOUSANDS OF TREES!



LOOK OUT, "SLIM" IT'S DEVILS RIVER RAPIDS

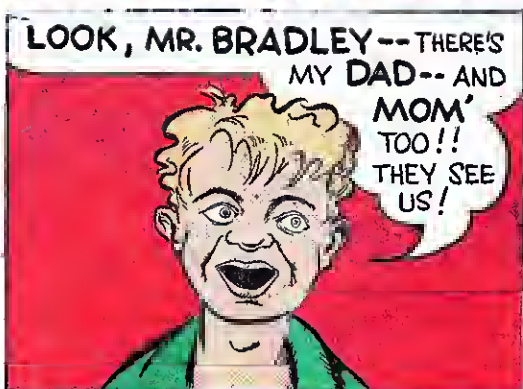


I DIDN'T THINK WE'D GET THROUGH THOSE RAPIDS WITHOUT TIPPIN' OVER. LOOK -- I CAN SEE THE RANGER STATION -- WE'RE ALMOST THERE!

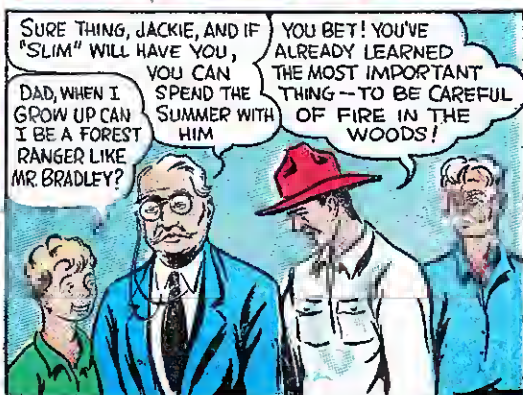


"SLIM," THANKS TO YOU, WE HAVE THE BOY BACK SAFE AND SOUND. TWO OF THE KIDNAPPERS WERE FOUND BURNED TO DEATH---BUCK BROUGHT THE THIRD ONE IN AND THIS RAINSTORM COMING UP WILL PUT AN END TO THE FIRE

IT'S ALSO THE END OF MR. STILLMAN'S KIDNAPPING WORRIES! CHIEF



LOOK, MR. BRADLEY-- THERE'S MY DAD-- AND MOM TOO!! THEY SEE US!

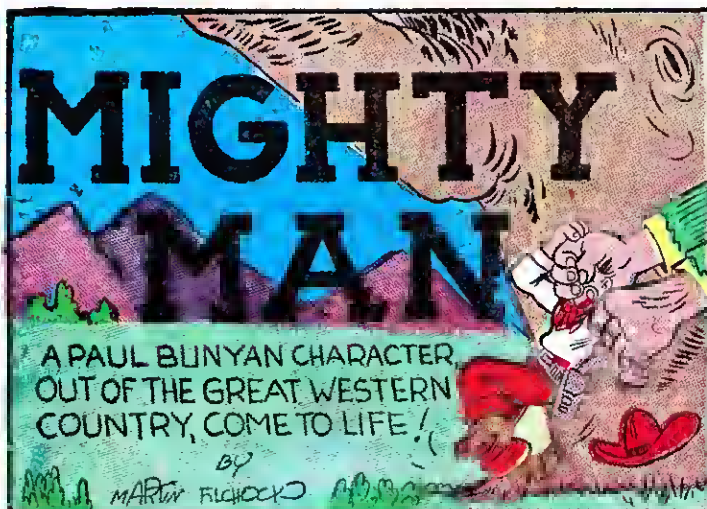


SURE THING, JACKIE, AND IF "SLIM" WILL HAVE YOU, YOU CAN SPEND THE SUMMER WITH HIM

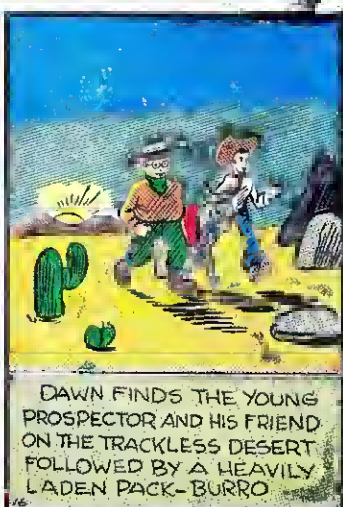
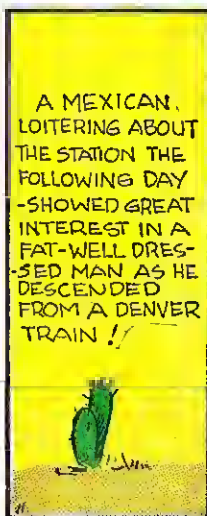
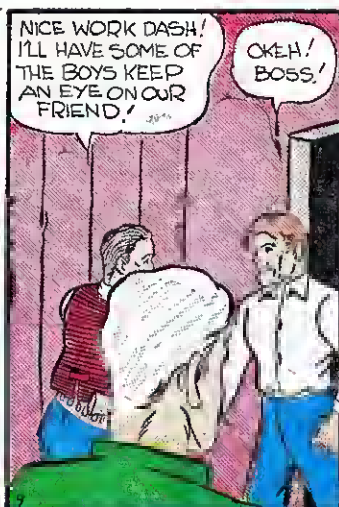
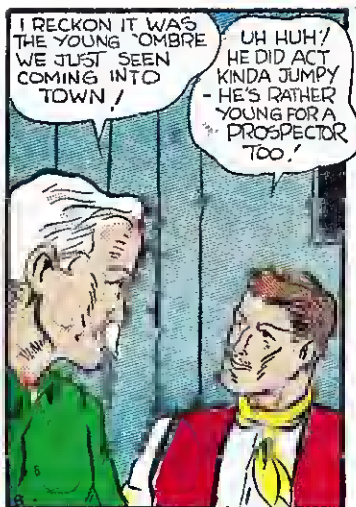
DAD, WHEN I GROW UP CAN I BE A FOREST RANGER LIKE MR. BRADLEY?

YOU BET! YOU'VE ALREADY LEARNED THE MOST IMPORTANT THING-- TO BE CAREFUL OF FIRE IN THE WOODS!

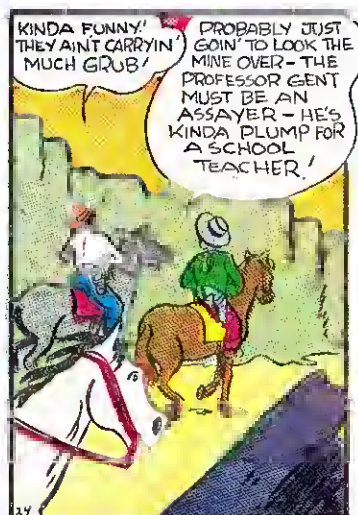
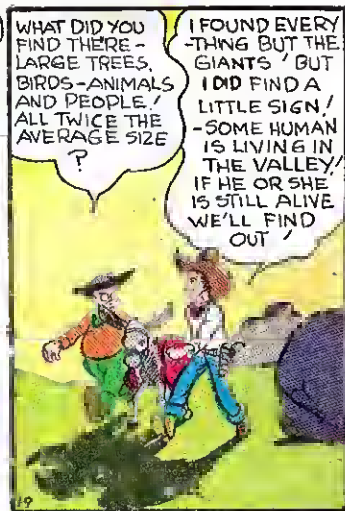
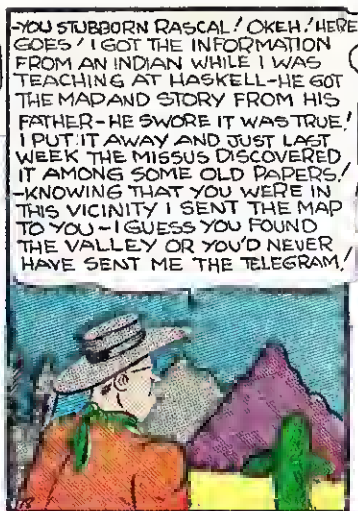




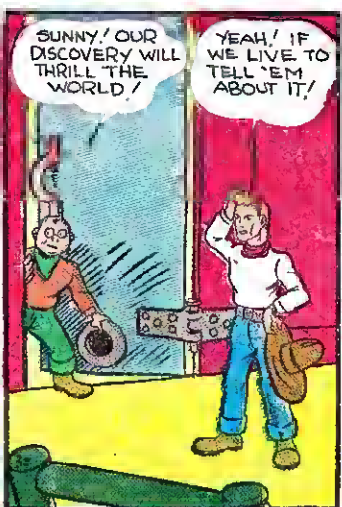
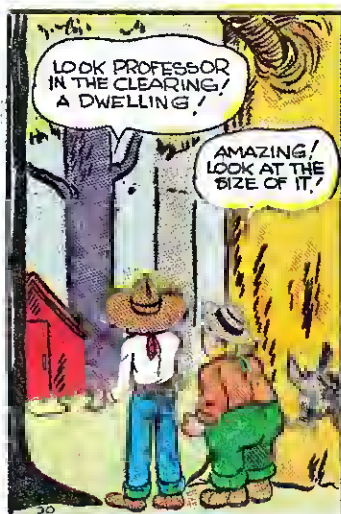
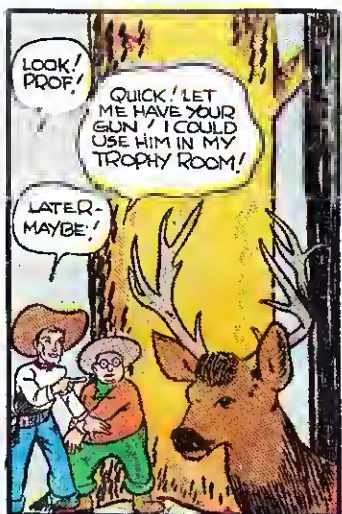
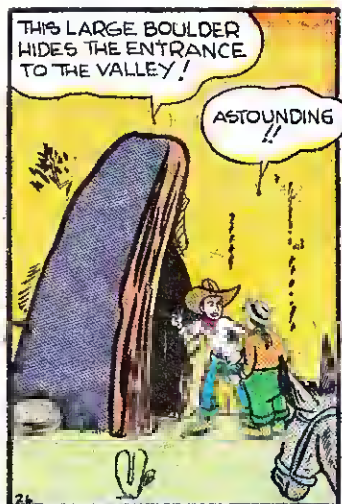




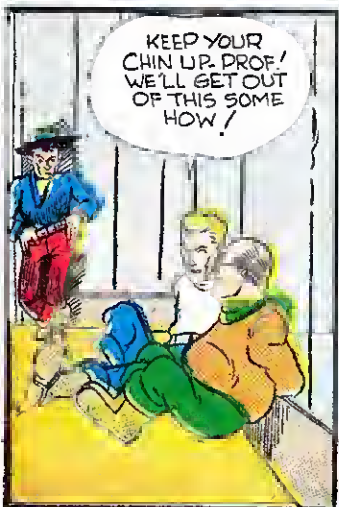
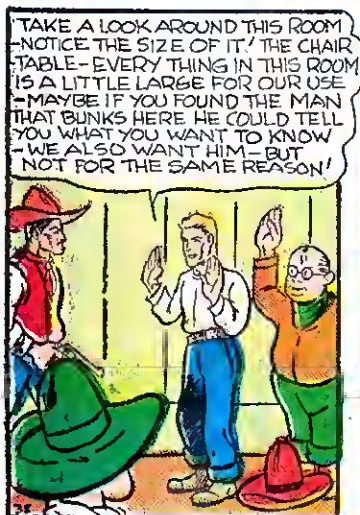
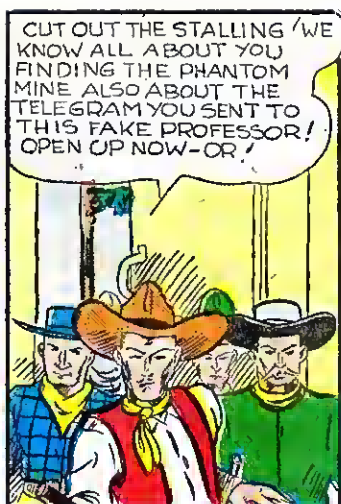




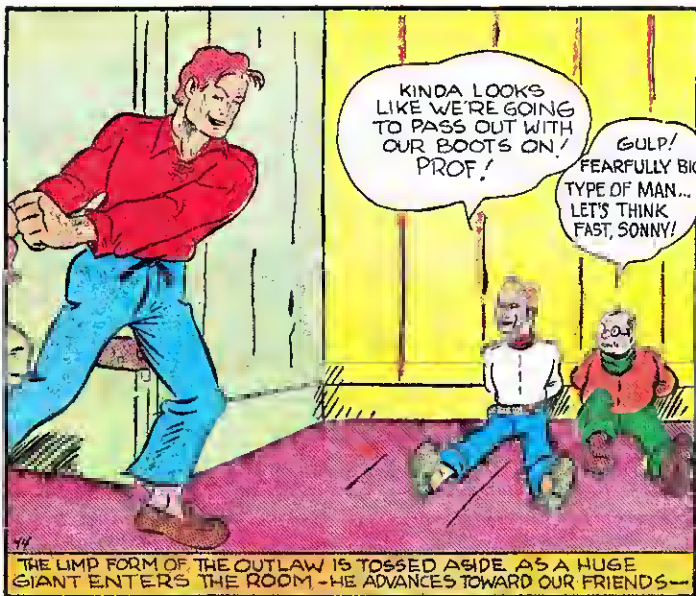




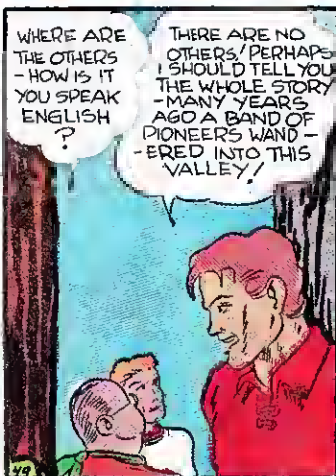
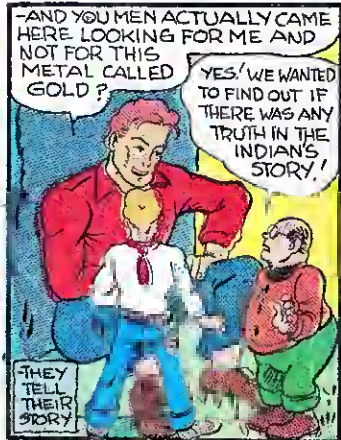
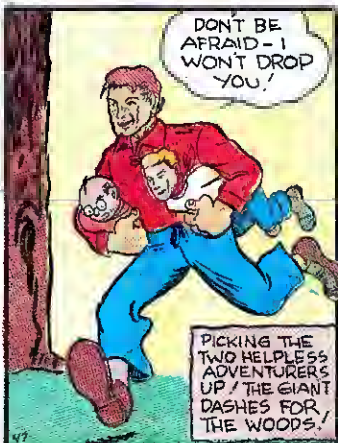
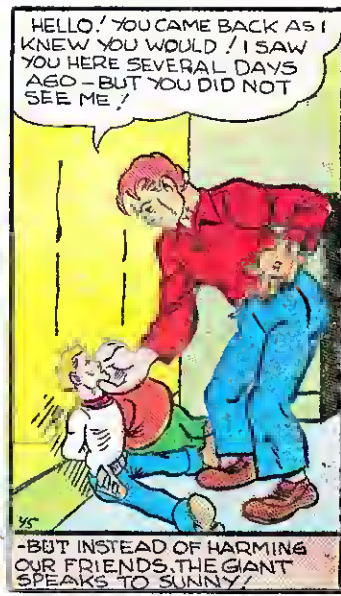




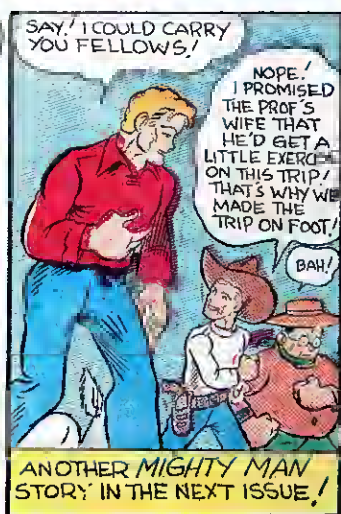
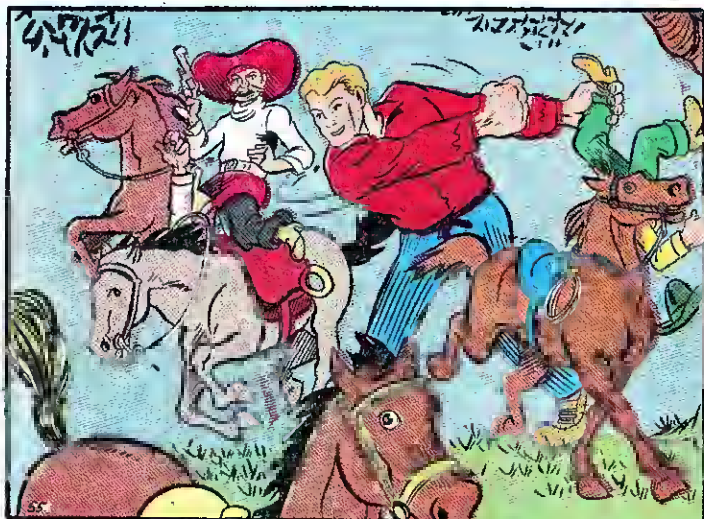




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